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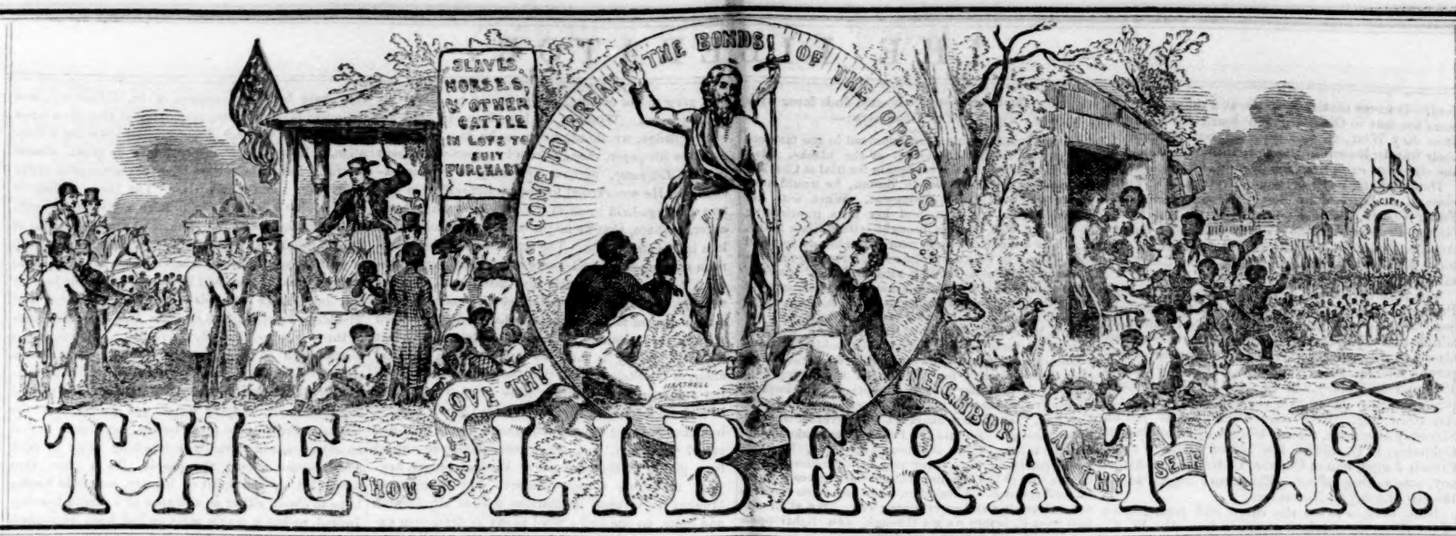
SLAVES, HORSES, & OTHER CATTLE IN LOVE TO BUY PURCHASE
I COME TO BREAK THE BONDS OF THE OPPRESSED
THOU SHALT LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF

THE LIBERATOR.

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.

The United States Constitution is 'a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell.'

☞ 'The free States are the guardians and essential supports of slavery. We are the jailers and constables of the institution. . . . There is some excuse for communities, when, under a generous impulse, they espouse the cause of the oppressed in other States, and by force restore their rights; but *they are without excuse in aiding other States in binding on men an unrighteous yoke.* On this subject, OUR FATHERS, IN FRAMING THE CONSTITUTION, SWERVED FROM THE RIGHT. We their children, at the end of half a century, see the path of duty more clearly than they, and *must walk in it.* To this point the public mind has long been tending, and the time has come for looking at it fully, dispassionately, and with manly and Christian resolution. . . . No blessing of the Union can be a compensation for taking part in the enslaving of our fellow-creatures; nor ought this bond to be perpetuated, if experience shall demonstrate that it can only continue through our participation in wrong doing. To this conviction the free States are tending.' — WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Editor. Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind. J. B. YERRINTON & SON, Printers.

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REFUGE OF OPPRESSION.

JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS.

The Boston *Journal* regrets to learn that Joshua R. Giddings has been dropped by his constituents, and that another person has been nominated to succeed him in Congress. We confess that we are surprised to hear such regrets in such a quarter. Mr. Giddings is a wrong-headed, cross-grained, bad-hearted fanatic of one idea, and that idea a false one. He is the personification of negrophilist fanaticism and intolerance. His mind is thoroughly cankered and gangrened with the one thought. It is a case of monomania of opinion, so one-sided, so unreasonable, so violent in its manifestations, as to be scarcely distinguishable from downright insanity. Residing in the very hot-bed of the rankest abolitionism in the State of Ohio, he has contrived, by the unsurpassed extravagances of his opinions and language, to retain his seat in the House of Representatives for a long series of years. Of course he was, by his mental constitution, incapable of the general duties of a legislator, and was of no practical use in this respect to his constituents or to the country. Nay, he overacted his particular part so as to give advantage constantly to his opponents, and to encumber and embarrass his friends.

We can well conceive that some of the Southern ultras should regret to have such a person leave Congress. And we perfectly understand that his constituents may be tired of him, and desirous to be rid of him at the present time, especially when the Republicans are meditating on the expediency of cultivating a little common sense, and laboring to work themselves free from all conspicuous Abolitionism. But what strange turn of thought is it, which, just now, impels the Boston *Journal* to express so much mistimed and misplaced regard for the political fortunes of Mr. Giddings? If the *Journal* thinks it such a pity to have Mr. Giddings thrown over by Ohio, why not supply his place with Mr. Lloyd Garrison from Massachusetts? So far as we know any thing of them, we incline to consider Mr. Garrison the better and the wiser man of the two, and the more deserving of a seat in Congress. Come, what say you, men and brethren,—as the *Tribune* phrases it,—shall we not compensate 'the cause of freedom,' in what it loses in the person of the undervalued and much injured Mr. Giddings, by the election of Mr. Garrison? This suggestion is the more worthy of consideration in Massachusetts, for the reason that we have been electing men to Congress some time for no merit whatever except that of being Abolitionists, and second rate ones at that; which is quite absurd when there are first rate ones to be had, such as Mr. Garrison,—to say nothing of Mr. H. C. Wright, or Mr. Remond, or Mr. Parker Pillsbury, or Mrs. Kelley Foster.

The *Journal* thinks that the nation owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Giddings for his devotion to the anti-slavery cause. Surely the nation owes a similar debt of gratitude to Mr. Garrison and Mrs. Foster. To be sure, Mr. Garrison and Mrs. Foster are not always 'right or judicious'; but no more, as the *Journal* admits, was Mr. Giddings. And if Mr. Giddings exhibited 'moral and physical courage,' in daring to be extravagantly wrong and extravagantly injudicious all the time, so also, certainly, do Mr. Garrison and Mrs. Foster. But, says the *Journal*, Mr. Giddings's '*aims* were always good!' Aye, indeed! Has not Mr. Giddings been just as ready to sacrifice the peace and welfare of the United States to anti-slavery phrensy as Mr. Garrison? Or, to reverse the proposition, in what respect have the 'aims' of Mr. Garrison been less good than those of Mr. Giddings? Good aims! Faugh! If they had good aims, what then? The world is sick and disgusted with these traders in pretended philanthropy, who, setting up what they call a 'good aim,' play such fantastic tricks with it as to bring shame and dishonor on the very name of philanthropy,—who, under cover of a professed good aim, do more injury to society than the very worst of the men of avowedly bad aims; philanthropists of bad temper, rancorous feelings, envious and vituperative spirit, and *leaky* minds, violent themselves, and provoking violence in others; and, with persistent wrong-headedness, working constantly to defeat the very objects of good which they professedly desire to accomplish. For such men, the ascription of good aims is neither justification nor extenuation; still less is it a title of commendation. Of this class of men are Mr. Giddings and Mr. Garrison. But we deny the goodness of *their* aims. The promotion of sectional animosity and hatred, servile insurrection, civil war, overthrow of the Constitution, transformation of these United States into another and a vaster St. Domingo—such are the miscalled 'good aims' of Mr. Giddings and Mr. Garrison.—*Boston Courier.*

From the Natick Observer.

THE REFORMER.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Why Mr. Parker Pillsbury has been permitted to figure so conspicuously in the Natick *Observer* for the past two weeks—for what reason such marked pains was taken to advertise his coming, and certify the public at his departure that it 'needs' just such instruction as his, is a subject of interest and inquiry with not a few of your friends and readers. For what reason, it is asked, must his movements be so publicly heralded? Why must the attention of the people be directed to him? Who is this Parker Pillsbury? Is he a profound statesman? Is he some distinguished orator? Is he a holy man of God, a second Whitefield, calling the people from their sins, and moving them by the charm of his eloquence to serve the Lord? Who is he, and why do you summon us to hear him, 'giving out that he is some great one'? 'O, but he is a great reformer.' Indeed! and a reformer of what? Doubtless of the whole world.

Well, the world in all ages has stood sadly in need of reform; but it has also—as if that were any consolation—been seldom wanting in reformers. The world has been sick—even as the Scripture saith truly, 'The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain until now;'—but there have also been physicians in abundance. These, however, are to be distinguished into two kinds—the genuine and the quack. Indeed, quack medicines for society are almost as common as quack medicines for the body. For instance, the ancient philosophers of Greece had an article which was highly praised, and was expected to remedy the evils of the times; but it proved to be an arrant cheat. For however tasty and pleasant their airy concoctions might be to the palate, they were found utterly powerless to meet and remove the vices of themselves or others. Voltaire was another who claimed to be 'sole discoverer' of the panacea of the world. His boasted drugs were peddled over all France, and Europe looked for the result. And it came, proving his panacea to be a 'lying wonder,' a cursed imposition on the credulity of mankind. The same might be said of Fourier, Kneeland, and a host of other quack-doctors to the race.

The only real and permanent remedy to the sore diseases of society is that provided by the Great Physician. His is the only genuine medicine. His are the only actual cures. In other words, no reform is worth any thing which disowns the Gospel; and in confirmation of this, we may triumphantly point to — and say, no reform has procured lasting benefits to the race which was not originated and controlled by Christian principle. Who traversed the pestilential prisons of Europe like an angel of mercy, and brought relief to the suffering there? The Christ-like Howard. Who raised the masses from ignorance by the foundation of Free Schools? The godly Puritans. Who has the high fame of emancipating England? The pious Wilberforce. And when the hateful power of Slavery shall disappear from America, I am confident that it will be before the assaults of Christian men, of the Church, of the truths of the Bible. The dark cloud will fade away before the rising and increasing light of the Cross. Already, notwithstanding the sweeping denunciations of such men as Pillsbury, Christian ministers and Christian men in general have done more for the freedom and happiness of the negro than any other body of men; they will yet achieve his emancipation.

Now, if the Gospel is the true and the only efficient regenerative power in the world, then Parker Pillsbury is a quack; for he rejects the Bible, and has published a tract to prove it a 'fraud.' If he renounces that from which our own liberties proceed, miserable failure must be the upshot of all his attempts to secure liberty for others. If he tears out the corner-stone of our own social edifice, who shall trust him to build for others? Not of such men did Washington and his fellow-heroes of the Revolution, learn their Political Economy. They held that Religion was the foundation of civil liberty, peace, and happiness; and that by nothing else could the stability of a Republic be ensured. Then do not tell us that we 'need' the illumination of a man whose principles, by the teachings of the Fathers, and by the testimony of history, will not only rob the North of its freedom, but will also bind down the slaves of the South to a perpetual and more galling servitude.

H. G.

From the Canton, Miss., Citizen.

RIGHTS OF FREE NEGROES.

'Nigra in Candida verunt;'
'Recta, prava faciunt.'

Which in a free translation may be rendered:—
The Laws which class the Negro with the White,
Make right appear wrong, and wrong seem right.

When our enemies praise us, it becomes us to examine ourselves to find out whether we have not been guilty of some fault or oversight by which they expect to get the advantage of us. The Northern papers have been making frequent commendatory comments upon the decisions of Courts, in the Southern States, by which the rights of the free negroes to receive legacies, and to hold property, are established; while the free States, many of them, withhold from them those very rights which they laud the South for granting.

The Southern people should look into this matter, for it is certain that the Abolitionists of the North comprehend that there is some advantage to be gained by this means for their cause, and a detriment to the South; or they would not be so lavish of their praises. The stick which is lent them by the South, with which to break her own head, is grown, cut and seasoned at home; and though it may leave her hands only a common walking-cane, it may be returned *with a steel blade concealed within it.*

In the case lately decided in the High Court of Errors and Appeals of Mississippi, in favor of the free negroes Francis M. and Jerome Brown, the Court held that, because James Brown of Amite county, Miss., freed these negroes in Ohio, with their mother, and domiciled them in Indiana, they might sue for and recover the whole property of J. Brown, bequeathed to them in Mississippi. If J. Brown had taken them to Ohio, and set them free, with a view of bringing them back to Mississippi, *and had actually brought them back*, the emancipation would have been void—they would still have remained slaves, and the legacy inoperative. This is the law of our State. Now let us see how this decision is for the advantage of the free-soil States. In the first place, it carries wealth, the produce of the soil and of the slaves of Mississippi, to enrich a free State. In the second place, it deprives Mississippi of slaves born on her soil—in this case of three, in others of many more. The South is considering ways and means to supply herself with more slave labor, and at the same time encouraging the emancipation and emigration of slaves born within her own limits, and the wealth which is the produce of her slave labor, which should increase her prosperity, in the hands of her own citizens, she orders to be placed in the possession of Northern free negroes.

The object of our laws is to conduce to morality and order; yet, here is a law which offers a premium to immorality and disorder in society. Our laws condemn and punish illicit connections—bigamy and polygamy—where white persons are alone concerned; but if one party to these crimes be of a dark colored skin, it makes the offence less black, perhaps for want of contrast. Encouraged by this decision, a man in Mississippi may take his illegitimate colored children to a free State, emancipate and leave them there, and then, by will, at his death, deprive his legitimate heirs, although they may be the children of himself and wife, of their lawful inheritance, and bestow it upon the offspring of sable vice. Ought not our laws to prohibit such injustice and wrong as this? If the State has no power to prevent the removal and emancipation of slaves by their owners, she can at least make laws which will prohibit negroes, either within or without her limits, from sueing for or holding any property under her jurisdiction, or the proceeds of any property within her territory. It is degrading to the free white man of the South to be brought into the courts, at the suit of negroes, not above the level of his own slaves—to be forced to defend himself against them, as against his equals, or to be damaged in his property, and perhaps his reputation, at the will of such persons as negroes have always proved themselves, when power over others is given to them.

Why do we exclude them from the witness-box and the jury-room? Have we not reason from experience to do so? Yet we permit a free negro, (or perhaps a fugitive from slavery, living at the North, and styling himself free,) as principal in a suit, to make any claim or unjust accusation on his own responsibility, against any one of our own citizens, who must answer and defend himself, at any cost, even if the claimant or accuser fails to establish his charges.

Surely the Southern people will not suffer themselves to be thus degraded and domineered over by the negro race, aided by the Abolitionists, when they have it in their power to make laws which would entirely release them from such annoyance and oppression. We hope that the attention of our next Legislature will be called to this subject, and that men of energy and love for the South will not be wanting in the duty of providing by-laws for the prevention, in future, of such an outrage against the honor and interest of the State. LEX.

☞ The African is no more capable of self-government than a flake of chaff is capable of resisting the force of a tornado, and is no more entitled to equality with the white man than are the inferior imps of hell entitled to a seat by the side of the Ruler and Author of Creation.—*Louisiana Herald.*

SELECTIONS.

THE FOREIGN SLAVE TRADE.

From the New York Tribune.

It is now the policy of the Democratic politicians and journalists to belittle the agitation at the South for the revival, under the sanctions of law and public opinion, of the African Slave-Trade with our ports, just as the same politicians would, ten years ago, have scouted as an Abolition lie any suggestion that the Missouri Restriction would one day be attacked and overthrown. But in fact the Missouri Restriction and our laws declaring the African Slave-Trade piracy rested on the same basis, and were upheld by the same line of argument, and the fall of the former renders that of the latter exceedingly probable. As to the popular sentiment in either case, there can be no doubt that the North, in 1848, regarded the Missouri Restriction with quite as profound and universal a devotion as now buttresses the Federal prohibition of the Slave-Trade, while the number at the South who earnestly desire the re-opening of the Slave-Trade is immeasurably greater than ever asked for or dreamed of the repeal of the Missouri interdict of Slavery Extension prior to Mr. Douglas's move in 1854. The very reason adduced, even so late as by Col. Orr a few days since, for Southern appreciation of and gratitude for Mr. Douglas's Nebraska measure—namely, that, if it gave the South no actual territory, it nevertheless removed an invidious distinction, an odious and degrading imputation on their 'peculiar institution'—is a far stronger reason for repealing the anti-Slave-Trade laws than for repealing the Missouri Restriction. The latter was in its origin substantially a division of the unoccupied area of the Union between Free and Slave Labor, and as such was fairly regarded as a Compromise; but there is no pretence of Compromise about the laws declaring the importation of slaves an act of piracy—for they necessarily imply that Slavery is *per se* a wrong and an outrage, which Governments are bound to forbid, resist and punish. The stupidest negro in the rice-swamps of Carolina will comprehend instinctively that to hang the captain and mates, and imprison the seamen, of the captured slaver just brought into Charleston by a National vessel, and liberate her cargo of Africans, will be to admit that *he* ought not to be held in slavery.

Under the policy of the founders of the Republic, the fatal contradiction thus given by our anti-Slave-Trade laws to the fundamental assumption of Slavery was by no means so palpable. When Washington, Jefferson, Madison and their cotemporaries treated Slavery as an undoubted evil, and a flagrant contradiction to the fundamental basis of our Republic, but nevertheless an evil which time must be allowed to overcome, they logically forbade the extension of that evil, and confined it to the soil in which its roots were already firmly imbedded. 'Give time,' they fairly urged, 'for the principles of American Liberty to work out their legitimate results, and Slavery will pass away, as serfdom died out, as the deer, the Indians, vanish before the steadily advancing footsteps of civilized man.' This view was grateful to conservatives, and to men of tender conscience but large appetite for luxury, and none at all for labor, who dreaded future damnation, but were loth to surrender the present profits of slaveholding. Thus half a century glided quietly away, and Louisiana, Florida, Texas, were successively acquired with Slavery already established therein, so that pretexts for acquiescence and downy pillows for delicate consciences were still available.

But when the bold step of opening free territory to Slavery was resolved on, the old apologies, the old opiates, would no longer serve. It was necessary now to affirm that Slavery was either a positive, unmixed good, or else an affair of climate and industrial adaptation, with no moral character whatever, but to be cherished or rejected in any State as local reasons should suggest. Now, negro inferiority, negro subordination as a Divine ordinance, negro development under the rule and discipline of white owners and gravitation toward the lowest barbarism when left to themselves, became necessary assumptions, without which the Nebraska policy could not be logically defended. 'Popular Sovereignty'—the inalienable right of each community, each sovereign State, to make such laws as it should deem best—was of course affirmed and built upon.

So far, all went smoothly; but the fatal necessity wherewith unsound, though plausible premises tend to damaging conclusions, could not be evaded. At once, the earnest and ardent Pro-Slavery zealots, to whom the Presidential aspirants had held out Popular Sovereignty as a bait, jumped at it with hearty zeal, and began to make a use of it not designed by its authors. 'Yes,' they said, 'let us have more Slave Territory; but let us also have more slaves to render that territory available. Let us have Popular Sovereignty; but let this imply the right to bring new slaves from Africa into a Slave State, as well as the right to send our born slaves into the territories, and prepare them to become Slave States.' What answer do the champions of the Nebraska bill and the Dred Scott decision make to this demand? Or rather, what answer *can* they make that will not admit the rightfulness of fresh importations of slaves whenever any State shall see fit? We can imagine none that is not either an assent or a denial of the premises on which they rest their justification of the Nebraska bill.

Hence we are not surprised to find in *The Southern Cultivator* for August an elaborate argument in favor of re-opening the African Slave-Trade, by its editor, Dr. Daniel Lee, formerly a Whig in Buffalo, and an American editor in Rochester, N. Y. The Dr. seems to have got bravely over the radicalism of his greener days, and thus expatiates:—

'The most striking features and apparent defects, in Southern agricultural labor, have their origin not in the nature of negro Slavery, but in legislative restrictions and prohibitions, by which this system of productive industry was tied down in 1808, and finally made *piracy* by an act of Congress! It was gratuitously assumed by Mr. Jefferson, Dr. Franklin, and other eminent patriots of the Revolution, that the curse of an offended Deity rested on this system of labor; and to fulfil, or at least give the semblance of truth, to this sinister vaticination, the five great powers of Europe, every Administration from that of Washington to the present inclusive, the literature and the clergy of the civilized world, have combined their best efforts for the last half century.

'Truth and the God of truth have alone been adequate to defeat the Anti-Slavery purposes of the leading Governments of the civilized world since they pronounced the trade in African negroes a crime, and affixed thereto the outlawing and death penalty awarded to pirates. It was assumed at the close of the Revolution, that laboring white men were better than Africans, whether slaves or free, to develop the agricultural resources of the whole continent, and that negroes were a curse to the country. It was in this spirit, at a time when twelve of the thirteen original States held slaves, that the famous Ordinance of 1787, introduced into the Continental Congress by Mr. Jefferson, was passed, which forbid the holding of slaves in all the North-Western Territory, and from which the Free States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin have since been formed. Instead of allowing Southern planters to go into the markets of the world to purchase negro laborers on the best terms they could find, the supply of these laborers was rudely cut off, as though to buy a slave for agricultural purposes was one of the worst of crimes. This fanatical dictation has ever kept the supply of planting operatives at the South far below what it would have been had this great industrial interest been wisely permitted to regulate its operations by the just and natural laws of trade. By despotically setting aside these salutary laws of supply and demand, our tillage processes have been carried on to great disadvantage; and one of the most obvious effects has been a continuous effort to make the most of a comparatively little labor by extending it over too much surface of soil.'

There are three or four pages of *The Cultivator* in this vein, but we need not quote them to show the drift of the article. We desire only to show that the purpose of re-opening the Slave-Trade is seriously entertained by a strong and rapidly increasing party at the South, and that the arguments they use cannot be answered without self-conviction by any logical advocate of the Nebraska bill. Here is one more passage, with which we must close:—

'If to buy or sell the labor of apprentices for life is immoral, then it should be at once discontinued; but if it is not wrong, the advantages to accrue therefrom should be not less available in Africa than in Virginia. The Slave Trade is either carried altogether too far for our credit and interest, or not far enough to do any thing like justice to our system of agricultural industry. Either give it a fair chance to live, and grow with the commerce and influx of Europeans, or else carry out the Anti-Slavery policy of the founders of the Republic. The former is the wiser course of the two; and it is one which is most likely to prevail.'

If that be not as full of cogency as an egg is of meat, we are greatly mistaken. How long can a majority be expected to hold out against it in a Slave State, and especially in a young, thinly peopled, negro-buying Slave State?

From the Missouri Democrat.

AUTHORS OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY AGITATION.

Of the dismal troop of 'hydras, gorgons and chimeras dire,' with which the people of the South are periodically threatened by their journals and orators, the FANATICISM OF THE NORTH is the most appalling. That rhetorical personification is the most grisly terror and the most fiery dragon of them all. Flame and smoke issue from his nostrils, darkening the welkin, and the wriggling of his tail produces pestilence and war. To arrest his progress, it becomes necessary at one time to elect a Buchanan President of the United States; at another time, the adoption of the Lecompton Constitution is the only means within the reach of human power to keep him chained.

Your chivalrous National Democrat goes into Congress to do battle with the monster, whose fate it seems to be to suffer in every encounter, but still to grow in strength and ferocity. He is continually vanquished, but never slain, and the necessity of sending forth a new band of champions every two years is felt through all the land of chivalry. The demand creates the supply, and every Congressional district in the South has a youthful Perseus or St. George to essay the achievement, and mayhap accomplish the deliverance.

It would be an incomprehensible contradiction if the most practical people under the sun were the victims or votaries of fanaticism. In all industrial vocations, the people of the North display more activity, genius and success, than the people of any country or any latitude. They are the best farmers, the best mechanics, the best ship-builders, the best miners, the best manufacturers. As inventors, they have no rivals. They are the most earnest and effective practical apostles of the philosophy of Bacon, who have yet appeared on the surface of our planet. They are untiring workers in iron and brass, in limestone and sandstone, in brick and mortar, in timber and marble, in wool and cotton, and in every variety of soil.

If they are liable to reproach, it is that they are too practical in their pursuits, too material in their tendencies. It passes understanding how any sentiment approximating to fanaticism could germinate and flourish among such a people; and yet the political pabulum of the South mainly consists of descriptions and denunciations of Northern fanaticism. The character of the people of the North might be as plausibly impeached with Buddhism or fire-worship, as with 'fanaticism.'

Certainly the workings of free society, under the forms of democracy, are visible in the outcome of the Northern mind, and in every social and political movement, the theatre of which is the North. There we witness unlimited freedom, boldness and originality of thought, accompanied by that juvenile faith and energy of action, which are the unquestionable credentials of earnestness. The new idea is hardly conceived, when it is proclaimed to the world. It may be false, it may be impracticable, but it is courageously, or perhaps audaciously, flung forth into the crowd of established doctrines and popular opinions. It is movement, agitation, the upper and under currents, and the restless winds, which preserve the ocean from putrefaction. The floating wrecks, the decaying dead, and all things, the specific gravity of which is little, are washed ashore. They strew the beach, but they indicate the energy and not the corruption of the power which cast them forth. So it is with the Northern mind. Instead of appreciating its power and depth, we of the South are ever pointing out the drift which it has thrown up, and the incurable and immeasurable rottenness, which we ridiculously assume welters in it. The sedge and sea-weed will cover the sand 'when, with fierce wind, Orion, armed, vexes the Red Sea coast.'

We have been led to make the foregoing remarks by the perusal of a speech delivered lately in Beech Island, S. C., by Senator Hammond. The Senator advises the union of the slave States as the certain means of perpetuating the dominancy of the South in the Federal Government. He has returned to his constituents with a Congressional prestige, resulting from his vindictive impeachment of white working men, and consequently can venture to state certain facts which a lower order of Southern politicians stigmatize as falsehoods. He says:

'The South should be one. We should be united and observant—awake to our rights, and mindful how, on the recent Kansas question, from out of our own midst we were used. We should be firm and harmonious. *All the opposition measures of which the South has complained in the last thirty years, she herself inaugurated. Washington and Jefferson, in the matter of slavery, set the evil example. The North borrowed it from them.*'

So we are assured that 'Washington and Jefferson, in the matter of slavery, set the evil example.' The anti-slavery sentiment, then, is no spontaneous production of the Northern mind. 'Northern fanaticism' was born in the South. The South herself inaugurated opposition to the institution. The anti-slavery men, the emancipationists, can legitimately claim Washington and Jefferson as the founders of their line. That illustrious ancestry is conceded to them by the representative of Calhoun. Indeed, the fact is not a novel one, but the admission from that quarter is. Whoever takes up the writings of Washington and Jefferson must be struck with the anxiety with which the writers contemplate the continuation of slavery. Next to the consolidation of the liberties of the country, the care which lay closest to the heart of Washington and Jefferson sprung from the evil tendencies of slavery; and in their later years, they constantly brooded on the means of ridding their beloved Virginia of the institution. They were uncompromising emancipationists, and although they differed on almost every other internal question, they thought and felt alike on this. Vituperation of emancipation is heaping insult on their fame, questioning their virtue, and denying their patriotism. Mendacious demagogues in the late canvas claimed Washington and Jefferson as the founders of the national Democratic party. Like the base-born who go to the herald's college, they denied their own father, Calhoun, and claimed kindred with the noble line of our earlier parents. The propagandists of slavery must hate Washington and Jefferson in their hearts, yet do not hesitate to make a hypocritical use of their names. We know that Jefferson is anathematized to-day by slavery propagandists, and we predict the time is not distant when the FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY will be denounced by the same party.

THE REV. JOHN NEWTON AND THE SLAVE TRADE.

To the Editor of the (*London*) *Statesman:*

SIR—In a tract entitled 'Soldiership and Christianity,' a comparison is drawn between John Newton and Captain Hedley Vicars. While engaged, one in the slave trade, the other in war, they avowed the experience of great religious happiness. The tract condemns the slave trade and war, and shows that happiness is not the standard of duty; but, like Mr. Newton's biographer, fails to refer to the active efforts which Mr. Newton made to put an end to that horrible traffic. Of these, however, Thomas Clarkson, in his 'History of the Abolition of the Slave Trade,' makes honorable mention. This I will quote:—'At this time, Mr. Newton, rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, London, who had been in his youth to the coast of Africa, but who had now become a serious and useful divine, felt it his duty to write his thoughts on the African slave trade. The committee, having obtained permission, printed three thousand copies.' Mr. Clarkson states that a copy was sent to each member of both Houses of Parliament, and further adds: 'That the public may judge, in some measure, of the respectability of the witnesses in favor of abolition, and that they may know also to whom Africa is so much indebted for her deliverance, I shall subjoin their names in the three following lists. The first will contain those who were examined by the Privy Council only; the second, those who were examined by the Privy Council and the House of Commons also; and the third, those who were examined by the House of Commons only.' In the second list is the name of Mr. Newton.

The Parliamentary Report shows that Mr. Newton gave evidence on the following topics respecting Sherbro:—On government, religion, manners and customs; on obtaining slaves; on the proportion of men and women among them; on carrying slaves; on African produce. The following are a few extracts:—'Being asked if the natives have any civil government? (Mr. Newton) said, the government of the Purrah is an excellent government; by their civic institutions, they may sell their slaves, but must not draw blood from them. The Purrah is a sort of high priest. They have laws respecting property, and the convicts for theft lose their liberty. Some part of these slaves are convicts, but a greater part are captives made in war. The slaves are treated with contempt, but they have not the hard labor and ill usage they meet with in the West Indies. They are often under great apprehensions at the sight of the sea; they imagine they are bought to be eat. Of the slaves purchased on the coast of Africa, the usual proportion is about two-thirds males; the bulk of the cargo is generally from sixteen years of age to thirty.'

Mr. Newton being asked whether the condition of the slaves not sold is worse than that of the slaves in our islands? replied, 'He never was any length of time in our islands, but believes that the situation of slaves at home is bad, worse on board the ships, and worst of all in our islands.'

One other extract: 'The people are gentle when they have no communication with the Europeans; they are naturally industrious, and might easily be managed, if they thought the Europeans had their interests at heart. The slave trade naturally has a tendency to make both the natives and the people employed in it ferocious.'

Sir James Stephen remarks of Mr. Newton, that 'he publicly commemorated his pursuit of this traffic, without one word of apology or self-reproach on that account.' The author of the tract, 'Soldiership and Christianity,' simply acknowledges that 'John Newton came, in course of time, as his knowledge matured, to condemn with great severity the traffic in men.'

From these facts it is evident that the voyages of Mr. Newton in the slave trade have obtained very great publicity, while his anti-slavery efforts seem hardly known at all. Yet, without the latter, how incomplete is the view presented of his character! The republication of his 'Thoughts on the African Slave Trade,' by some benevolent society, would be a timely and useful work, as it would not only do that justice to his memory which his biographer failed to perform, but would furnish a portion of that moral armory which is needed, now that the whole battle against the slave trade has to be fought over again.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
EDWARD MATHEWS.

Oxford, August 9, 1858.

From the Greenwich [R. I.] Pendulum.

A NOVEL SUIT.

A novel suit has been brought by Mr. James T. Waugh, a citizen of Providence, against Mr. Godding, principal of the Arnold street school, for refusing admission to his son into said school, at the opening of the last term, or on the 7th of June. Mr. Waugh is a colored citizen, and heretofore has sent his son to the Meeting street school, which was established for colored children exclusively. But when the stories derogatory to this school, concocted during the pendency of the petition to the General Assembly to abolish caste schools, and with the obvious design to prejudice the petitioners, stories which represented the Meeting street school to be a den of pollution, were circulated, Mr. Waugh, as all sensible fathers would have done, withdrew his son, unwilling that his morals and manners should be moulded and fashioned amid such unwholesome influences. He then took his son to the Arnold street school, where he was admitted on the first Monday in April, and received by both principal and pupils with not the least demonstration of unkindness or disrespect. He remained till the last week in April, when he was compelled to leave on account of ill health.

At the opening of the fourth term on the 7th of June, he was sent again, but refused admission. In answer to Mrs. Waugh, who called upon Mr. Godding to ascertain why the boy was rejected, she was told that instructions had been received from the school committee to exclude her son. She asked if the other colored children had been excluded, and was told they had not been. Mr. Waugh called upon several members of the school committee, and as a result, the committee on qualifications met to take the case into consideration. Mr. Waugh was present with his son, and the lad on view was decided to be a genuine son of Ham. It was therefore determined to continue his exclusion. This was somewhat of a curious proceeding, since there were three colored children in some of the schools, and one had been admitted to the high school. This part of the conduct of the school committee is most inconsistent, and in detail, exhibits some of the members in no very enviable light. On the 28th of May, to make assurance doubly sure, a special order was passed to exclude colored children, yet some are excepted and allowed to remain in the white schools. Under these circumstances, Mr. Waugh has brought his suit, determined to test the power of the school committee of the city of Providence to arbitrarily exclude his son from the school in the ward in which he resides. His efforts are seconded by others similarly situated; they have retained eminent counsel, and will retain others, in order that the question of caste schools may be decided by a legal tribunal, supposed to administer justice without fear, favor or affection, unbiassed by passion or prejudice.

This is a novel suit; American citizens, property owners and tax payers, in a court of justice to obtain an equal right in the public schools, supported in part by their money, compulsorily taken, if needs be, and against which they cannot make an effectual resistance.

EMANCIPATION OF RUSSIAN SERFS.

We gave, recently, an account of measures in progress, under the direction of the Emperor, for the accomplishment of this great work. The *Congregationalist* has an article, from which we gather the following:—

The project for the emancipation of the serfs has gone too far to allow recession. The importance of the measure may be estimated from the fact that this class constitutes one-third of the population of that vast empire.

By statistical returns lately presented to the Emperor Alexander, we find the number of families which are landowners amount to 127,000. Out of these, 2000 possess from 1000 to 10,000 serfs; 2000 from 500 to 1000; 18,000 from 100 to 500; 30,000 from 21 to 100; and 75,000 have less than 21. The total number of peasant serfs of the nobility amounts to 11,760,000, and those of the crown to 9,000,000. There are, therefore, 20,760,000 persons to be released from the fetters of bondage.

Each of the forty-one governments among whom the serfs are distributed has its Committee of Emancipation, to whom the management and application of the measures are committed. The number of serfs distributed among these governments varies from 8000 to 10,000 in some cases, to near half a million in others. In several of these governments, steps have already been taken for carrying out the measures of emancipation. St. Petersburg, with 125,000 serfs, led the way several months since. Wilna, Novgorod, Grodno, and Kovno, with near 200,000 each, followed the example by about the middle of March.

It is inferred, from a perusal of the Imperial Ukase, that serfdom is forever abolished in Russia.

While the Emperor Nicholas was on the throne, some sixty or seventy nobles were annually murdered by their peasants; and it is now feared that there will be a general rising against the landed proprietors, if they should attempt to impede the realization of the imperial project for improving the condition of the lower classes.

The only safe course now, it is evident, must be emancipation. There is no chance of retreat. The resistance of the great proprietors would only precipitate matters, and involve themselves. Happily, 'the nobles are every day learning the necessity of this great measure, and the peasants, relying implicitly on the word of the Emperor—and their instinct in the matter does not at all deceive them—await calmly its accomplishment.'

The 'emancipation of the serfs, however, is now only a question of detail, the principal point to be settled being whether the serfs are to get, with their personal freedom, the lands tilled by them on their own behalf. Theoretically, these lands belong likewise to the feudal proprietors, who wish, of course, to retain the full control, as a means of enslaving the freed men once more by individual agreements,' and it seems more than possible that in some cases, in spite of the imperial Ukase, they will succeed. The subject is still invested with great difficulties, and the Emperor may yet be called to meet those which will prove greater than any which he has hitherto encountered.

The 'social condition of the country will form the greatest obstacle to the Emperor's magnanimous effort for reform. While the immense mass of the people still lack, for the most part, the very elements of cultivation, the relatively small number of educated persons are possessed of ideas, the realization of which is only possible on condition of an organic and general national education. This contrast is melancholy and injurious. In the broad and deep abyss that separates the ignorance of the mass from the overculture of the better class, many of the most splendid plans of the Emperor will doubtless be lost. This condition of affairs is a wretched heirloom of the ancient system, which cultivated foreign manners, like hot-house plants, in the higher circles, but entirely neglected the education of the people. The great matter of emancipation of the serfs' must of necessity progress but slowly.

WHERE TO GO TO DO GOOD. A gentleman, somewhat noted for a vein of humor, was riding some years ago in a stage-coach in New Hampshire. Among his companions were a number of gentlemen whose black coats and white cravats bespoke their clerical profession. The conversation turned upon politics, and afterwards upon its inevitable concomitant, the institution of slavery. The clerical gentlemen were of what is termed the conservative school. The principal spokesman inveighed strongly against the Anti-Slavery leaders, Mr. Garrison in particular, for agitating the question so far away from the region most interested. 'If he wants to attack the evil,' said he, 'why does he not go where he can make some impression upon it—where it exists? Why does he squirt his little engine at a fire which is burning so far off?' The reverend gentlemen chuckled heartily at this sally, and the speaker looked around with a triumphant air. The person first addressed, though an eminent judge, was plainly dressed, and had few external attractions. The exulting clergyman turned upon him, as he sat in silence upon the front seat, and asked him 'what *he* thought about it.' 'You gentlemen,' said the judge, 'appear to be clergymen; your professed object is to battle against sin, and to overthrow Satan's kingdom. Now, if that is your object, why do you stay among decent, Christian people? Why, in the devil's name, don't you go to hell?'—*Boston Bee.*

From the New York Tribune.

CAPTURE OF THE SLAVE BRIG ECHO.

We note with great satisfaction the capture, by the U. S. brig Dolphin, of the slave brig Echo, Putnam, or whatever her name may be. It is, we trust, the first of a series of operations destined to put a stop to the grievous and disgraceful abuse to which our flag has so long been subjected, and to prove to the slave-traders and to the world that, in resisting the right of search, and insisting upon the liberty of the seas, our government has not been influenced by any sneaking disposition in favor of the slave trade. The Dolphin, it seems, sailed on the 21st of August from Sagua la Grande, one of the ports of Cuba to which the attention of the British cruisers was lately attracted as an outfitting port for the slave trade, and the scene of a large part of those visitations about which such a clamor was recently made. How impossible it is, by mere inspection from a distance, to distinguish between a slaver and a vessel engaged in lawful commerce, is evident from the fact that, though a long time in sight of the Dolphin, which came up behind, gradually gaining upon her, the captured slaver does not appear to have become at all an object of suspicion until, by changing her course as the Dolphin approached, she evinced a disposition to get out of the way. The Dolphin was naturally enough mistaken by the slaver for one of those English vessels hitherto sole objects of dread to the slavers on that coast—a mistake which the Dolphin favored by hoisting the English flag. At the same time, she fired a blank cartridge by way of intimidation to the chase to show her colors. That, however, the slaver was in no hurry to do. It took a cannon shot across her bows to cause the display,—according to the universal practice of slavers hotly pursued by British cruisers, and driven to extremity,—of the American flag at her peak. Still another shot, which took effect in the slaver's rigging, was necessary to cause her to heave to. At the same time, she lowered her American colors, doubtless in the hope and expectation, according to the usual course in such cases, of being allowed to throw flag and papers, if she had any, into the sea, and thus by the sacrifice of ship and cargo to secure a free discharge for the officers and crew. The surprise of these gentry must have been great on finding that, instead of an English cruiser, it was an American man-of-war into whose hands they had fallen.

There can be no doubt that this capture will lead to some curious and complicated legal proceedings, more especially as the captured vessel, with the Africans on board, has put into Charleston, thus affording the captured slave-traders a very favorable venue (to borrow a term from the lawyers) for any proceedings which they may be advised to institute. They will probably set up that the vessel, however originally American, had become Spanish, or at least had ceased to be American, by being sold to foreign owners; and, as an offset to the libel which the captors will file in the United States Court, the master and men, repudiating their claims to American citizenship, to which, likely enough, their pretensions are but slight, will institute proceedings in the State Courts to recover their own liberty and repossession of the vessel, on the ground that they, being Spanish, or at least not American citizens, and the vessel not an American vessel, the commander of the vessel committed a flagrant violation of the liberty of the seas, and the independence of nations, as recently vindicated by Mr. Secretary Cass, in presuming to capture the vessel and imprison the crew. The mere circumstance that they hoisted the American flag is in itself alone quite insufficient to justify the capture. That, they may say, was a mere ruse—an offset to the stratagem of the Dolphin in hoisting English colors, and no more bringing the vessel, her officers and crew within the scope of American authority than the Dolphins's English colors made her an English vessel. Even should the vessel be held to be American, the crew must also be proved to be crtizens of the United States before they can be punished. We would insure the escape of the captain and crew of the captured slaver from any of the criminal penalties of our laws against the slave trade for a much smaller premium than we would be willing to undertake to guarantee the captain of the Dolphin against being cast in damages by the South Carolina Courts for presuming to make the capture.

Under the act of 1819, the captors will be entitled, provided the capture should be held lawful, beside the proceeds of the vessel, to prize money at the rate of twenty-five dollars a-head for each African on board; and by the same act. the President has authority to cause the liberated negroes to be removed beyond the limits of the United States, and to appoint agents on the coast of Africa for their reception. This was an improvement on the original act prohibiting the slave trade, which left to the States into which the negroes happened to be brought the disposition of them, with power to sell them at auction or otherwise, like other forfeited goods—a course which, in several instances previous to the law of 1819, was actually resorted to in the States of Georgia and Louisiana. We anticipate, however, a struggle over these Africans even more remarkable than that which took place in the case of the Amistad negroes. It will be an excellent opportunity for the advocates of the revival of the slave trade, which they will hardly fail to improve, to test the constitutionality of the acts of Congress by which that traffic is prohibited; and should no person venture to step forward as the claimant of the negroes, or should they be declared free by the United States Courts, there may likely enough be an attempt made to retain them in the State, by reselling them at auction under the State law prohibiting free negroes from coming into South Carolina. On the whole, we shall watch the further proceedings in this case with no small degree of interest.

From the Charleston Mercury.

A VISIT TO THE 'ECHO.'

Condition and Appearance of the Negroes—The Administration's Project for Re-enslaving Them—The Slaver—Her Crew and Cargo.

The real name of the captured brig is the General Putnam. These letters are partially erased and covered over by those of the assumed name Echo, and would doubtless have been restored, had success crowned the enterprise in which she was engaged when taken. She is of Baltimore build, say 280 tons burden, and, it is believed, was formerly a packet in the coffee trade between that port and Rio. On the 6th March last she cleared from New Orleans with a captain, two mates, eight seamen, a cook, steward, and one passenger. On the 6th July she shipped a cargo of 445 slaves on the west coast of Africa, at Kabenda, situated in latitude 5.30 south, longitude 21.20 east. It is in Lower Guinea, in the southern part of the District of Loango, and not far from the river Congo or Zaire. These slaves were purchased in a circuit of 500 miles, and assembled at a barracoon near the point of shipment. The brig set sail with them, and in forty-seven days made the trip, reaching the point of destination on the morning of the 21st inst. In this space of time one hundred and forty-one negroes had died, leaving but three hundred and fourteen alive.

A bay on 'Cape Verde,' one of the keys on the north coast of Cuba, latitude 23.30, longitude 80.20, was the landing place, where the Echo was detected by the Dolphin. The officers of the Dolphin left the harbor of Sagua la Grande the day before, and while cruising westward in search of slavers, perceived the Echo at daylight in the distance, bearing the British flag, and running down the coast ahead of the Dolphin in the same direction. No suspicion was excited. The brig entered a bay. The Dolphin run on her course, and in good time came in view of the bay and the Echo. The captain of the slaver now lost his presence of mind, supposing he was suspected and pursued, and suddenly hauled off from the coast. It was then observed that a number of launches near shore had their sails set to come out to the brig. This verified the suspicion excited by her strange movement, and the Dolphin gave chase to the flying vessel, still bearing the British flag. Blank cartridges were fired, and it became evident that the pursuer gained. The slaver spread all her canvas in vain, and finding herself about to fall into the clutches of the cruiser, thought to be British, hauled down that flag, and run up the stars and stripes.

The Dolphin followed suit, displaying her true colors, and brought her to with a few shotted guns fired after her. She was boarded by Lieut. Bradford and sixteen men, and surrendered at discretion. No papers were found, but a signal of a black cross on a white ground, which had probably just been used to notify the party on shore by previous agreement. The crew, nineteen in number, professed to be all passengers without captain or officers. But Lieut. Maffitt selected the prisoner who appeared to be at the head of the enterprise, and took him aboard the Dolphin, with a sick seaman and comrade to tend him. The rest were brought here by Lieut. Bradford. It seems that the captain and those two men were not sent to Charleston on board the Catawba from Key West, as was expected, but are now on their way to Boston in the Dolphin. The names of the eighteen, excepting the captain, are as follows:

Dominicia de la Piene, Juan Brevera, Jose Francisco, R. I. Bates, John Basco, Alexander Rodgers, Frank Cleary, John E. Capell, Archibald Scott, George Plaken, Antonio Almera, Thomas Under, Antonio Sumez, Jose de Jave Vital de Miranda, Antonio Milanaioish, William Henry Seno, Jose Gonzalez Seno.

One is in Greek, one in Italian; some of them are Portuguese, some Spaniards, and some English. Some of them talk about New York, but none now admit that they are Americans, or have a whereabouts in this country. These smugglers are a desperate looking set of fellows. Under the laws of 1819 and 1820 they will be tried for their lives as pirates sailing on an American bottom under the American flag. They were committed to jail on Saturday afternoon. Their trials will take place at Columbia, S. C., before His Honor Judge Wayne, Circuit Judge, James Connor, U. S. District Attorney, prosecuting officer. The Court begins to sit the 4th Monday in November.

Being curious to see the cargo and arrangement of the Echo, we obtained a permit from Dr. W. C. Ravenel, the port physician, and with one or two others accompanied Lieut. Bradford in a small boat from the wharf. Upon clambering up the side of the brig, a strange and startling sight presented itself; a deck covered with native Africans in a state of complete nudity, with rare instances of a narrow strip of rag an inch wide round the waist. These people were seated for the most part with their legs stretched out flat, or drawn up in front or doubled up; some squatted on their feet and hands.

A few were standing about and a few lying down. None were tied or fastened in any way. The majority were very young, apparently from eight to sixteen years of age, some younger and some older; scarcely one, however, over twenty-five. Some of them were able-bodied, good-sized, and in good case; but the greater part were half grown children only, weak and worn. Many were much emaciated, and showed plainly the effects of their long and crowded passage in a confined ship. A few were evidently ill, and soon to die. All were pure black in color, except the dropsical, whose skins were tawny from disease. Their hair is very short and crisp. Those who were well appeared curious and pleased, some of them ogling and giggling and chattering, and others smoking tobacco out of short clay pipes with cane stems, just as our own negroes do. Those that were thin and sick looked dull and brutish, but there was nothing wild or ferocious in their aspect. They looked amiable and docile, and readily obeyed the commands of the person who had charge of them. They are great thieves, however, and appropriate whatever they can on every occasion.

There were two hundred and forty-six males and sixty females, who were kept separate on deck and in the holds. The men and boys were kept on the forward deck and in the forward hold, which latter is fifty-five feet long, nineteen feet in the broadest part, and narrow at the head, and forty-four inches high, the floor being formed of loose boards, moveable at pleasure. The hold for the women and girls is behind this. It is of the same height, twelve feet long and nineteen wide. Under this temporary flooring are stored the provisions, consisting of rice, peas and the water to drink. The food is boiled like 'hoppinjohn,' put in buckets twice a day, at ten and four o'clock, and placed in the midst of circles of eight or ten each, and well guarded to prevent the strong negroes from taking more than their share, although they are liberally allowed. A pint of water is given to each, morning and evening. Most of them sleep on deck, being placed in close order, spoon-fashion, on their sides, and not permitted to turn over or move during the night. At daylight they are dashed with buckets of water to wash them off.

They sing songs, clapping their hands and rocking their bodies in time, and these songs have a great resemblance to some of our negro spirituals. Several of the negro fellows exercise authority very much after the manner of our drivers, with airs of authority and ridiculous gesticulation and grimaces. Others were cooking the 'big pot' like good fellows, and with old breeches on too, obtained from the sailors. The captain of the hold understands their lingo, and says they are averse to going back to Africa, as the United States law requires. Our coast resembles that they come from, and the group of pines opposite the city on the south, looks to them like cocoanut trees of their native Africa.

Yesterday, under the direction of the United States civil officers, 306 in number were taken by the steamer General Clinch, and conveyed to Castle Pinckney, in our harbor, where they will be guarded by a detachment from the garrison at Fort Moultrie. As they passed the plank to gain the steamer's deck, they presented a strange and affecting sight, many of them being reduced to mere skeletons by the suffering and deprivations of the voyage. Several were in a dying condition—a few dropsical, a goodly number apparently in health. They were visited on Saturday by Mayor Macbeth and several Aldermen.

The Slaver Echo...A Problem and its Corollary.

From the Richmond Enquirer, Sept. 1.

For the first time in the history of the country, a vessel has been 'taken in the act' of slave-trading. Other questions connected with the slave trade have arisen on various occasions, but never before have the questions presented by the capture of the Echo been introduced practically into American politics. What shall be done with the cargo? The laws of Congress are plain and explicit; but are the requirements of such laws practicable? To confiscate the vessel; to fine the owners thereof twice the amount of the value of the vessel; to hang the captain, and even the crew—all these are susceptible of a practical solution. But to return the negroes to Africa at the expense of the United States is a difficult problem. The law of Congress doubtless contemplated the return to the place of their tribe or friends, if barbarians can have friends, but not merely the return of the negroes to Africa, without placing them there under some authority strong enough to protect them.

If this, then, is the meaning of returning them to Africa, we would ask, how is it to be accomplished? Who knows from what part of the coast they were taken? If the captain of the Echo should tell, truthfully, the part of the coast from which they were taken, and the Government were to return them to the exact point of shipment, it would only be that they might become slaves to the first masters that could apprehend them. The law of Congress contemplated the return of the negroes to the tribe from whence they were taken, and not merely to the continent of Africa, else it would be a fate far worse even than Cuban slavery, and a condition the most deplorable that can be imagined. But can they be returned to the tribe from whence they were taken? We imagine not. They may be turned loose upon the coast of Africa, but would that be an act of humanity on the part of the Government? To throw them deliberately into a country where death would be the fate that awaits them, would be no act of kindness to these Africans. The difficulties that surround this question, from the outset, are of no ordinary character. England sells the slaves captured from traders into an *apprentice* bondage—the most hypocritical and infamous system English cupidity ever devised. The difficulties which we are now enumerating have already been seen by the British Government; and, ever alive to the opportunity of turning a dollar, she devises the apprentice system—a scheme the inducements of which prompt to working the negro to death during the term of years, to escape the cost of carrying him back to Africa.

But the right or power to sell for a term of years exists in equal force to a sale for life, which is the practical effect of the English system. How many captured negroes has England returned to Africa? We confess this question presents a problem of difficult solution. To return the negroes to Africa is perhaps to be an 'accessory before the fact' to their deliberate murder. A costly and troublesome act of the most doubtful humanity, one for which we shall pay heavily, and for which the Africans will owe the Government no thanks whatever. If they could be returned to their native tribes, humanity might urge a plea in behalf of the faithful execution of the laws: but in view of the difficulties attending the finding of their native tribes, the certain death or subsequent sale again to slavers in the event of their not finding their native tribe, all invest the problem with many difficulties. It appears to us, then, that to return them to Africa is of very doubtful humanity to the negroes. To liberate them in South Carolina, and make free negro barbarians, is certainly out of the question. There remains, therefore, but one other solution, and that is to select masters for them, and make useful laborers of the now ignorant barbarians. And this view of the case finds favor with *The N. Y. Times*. *The Times* says:—

'Another interesting point involved in the transaction is the future disposition of the blacks. Had Capt. Maffit left the slaver captain for trial at Charleston, and carried the slaves to Boston, he would have proceeded with better judgment. What with her States' Rights doctrines, and her laws imprisoning and selling free negroes brought within State limits, it will be a marvel if these poor wretches do not find that slavery in South Carolina which they so narrowly escaped in Cuba. A half million dollars' worth of labor thus brought into the community; an army of barbarians and pagans thus drawn within the scope of civilization and a comprehensive Christianity; not turned loose, as they might be at the North, helpless, untaught, unfitted for liberty, but subjected to a wholesome and protracted discipline, educating them and their posterity for freedom, if they happen to come by it hereafter; these advantages will impress themselves so deeply upon the conscience of South Carolina, that there is danger it will never let this colored Israel go. Should the Federal Government contest the matter, which it is not likely to do, there can be no parity in the controversy. Possession will be on the side of the Carolinians, and the negroes will not be forthcoming. Altogether, the case is an important, interesting and entertaining one. We shall obtain from it, before we get through, new lights upon our foreign and domestic relations.'

What better could be done for these poor barbarians, *now that they are here*? We would not, for one moment, countenance the opening of the African slave-trade. But an experiment may be made out of the 'Echo' cargo, that will be of great service in solving the practical usefulness and good of African Missions. The great blessings of civilization and Christianity are now open for these barbarians, and we are not disposed to see these ignorant and helpless Pagans turned loose in the wilds of Africa, to become again the slaves of some 'King of Dahomey,' whose palatial residence shall be ornamented by their skulls. While the blessings of Christianity are unfolded to the barbarians, a useful experiment may be made; their capacity to receive religious instruction in their native state may now be fully tested, and the practical usefulness of African Missions now fully demonstrated or exploded with the strictest impartiality.

Let upright and high-minded men be selected for their masters, and by their reports let the Missions to Africa be fully tested. Valuable lives are now annually sacrificed on the African Missions, and the most contradictory reports of the success attending the efforts find their way back to this country and England. The capacity of the wild African can now be fully tried under the most impartial and upright men. By all means let the experiment be made. (!)

The Liberator.

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 10, 1858.

A SHORT VISIT TO VERMONT.

'For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!'

It is now thirty years since we commenced our public advocacy of the Anti-Slavery cause, through the medium of the '*Journal of the Times*,' a paper established by us in Bennington, Vermont, in 1828; though the primary object of the paper was the election of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS to the Presidency of the United States, in opposition to ANDREW JACKSON, the military chieftain. At that time, we invited a public meeting of the citizens of Bennington to consider the propriety of petitioning Congress to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, and were cordially sustained by them in that measure. We printed, and circulated through the State, petitions for that object, and were readily aided by the various postmasters, who, in the course of a few weeks, returned them to us, bearing not less than six or seven thousand signatures, which were promptly forwarded to Congress. If any postmaster should now venture to sign and circulate such a petition, how prompt would be his dismissal from office! For whoever holds office under the national government must either be the active enemy of freedom, or wear a padlock upon his lips, and be as submissive as a plantation slave. As pertaining to the slave system, the people are living under a governmental despotism, which allows no 'official' to enjoy freedom of speech, or the luxury of a conscience.

In 1829, we left Bennington, and went to Baltimore to edit (in conjunction with BENJAMIN LUNDY, the devoted Quaker pioneer) the '*Genius of Universal Emancipation*,' and to consecrate our powers unreservedly to the cause of the enslaved in our land. Since that period, it has not been our privilege to place our feet upon the soil of Vermont until now, though for many a year it has been our earnest wish to do so, but circumstances have prevented. Having completed the series of meetings arranged for us, through the instrumentality of our esteemed friend, Rev. N. R. JOHNSTON, of the Covenanter church in Topsham, we proceed to give a brief sketch of our tour.

In the course of eleven days we attended, in company with our faithful coadjutor, SAMUEL MAY, Jr., no less than eighteen meetings, speaking at much length at them all, with a single exception; commencing at West Randolph, where a two days' convention was held, the proceedings of which were printed in the *Liberator* of last week. It was an occasion of lively interest, and will doubtless be long remembered by those who were present, drawn together from various towns in the State, and constituting a body of solid worth and much intelligence. 'Spiritualism' prevails in that region, to a considerable extent, and has many warm advocates, and more who fear and denounce it. One or two 'mediums' were present at the convention, and considerable uneasiness was privately manifested by some in the place, lest they should speak, and thus subject the meeting to the charge of being a Spiritualistic gathering. Some of these sensitive and well-meaning persons thought these 'mediums' ought to be told that they would not be allowed to speak, even on the subject of slavery! Our reply was, that, rather than have any one silenced in that manner, (especially after the convention had invited the fullest discussion,) we would much prefer to have the meeting dissolved forthwith. In case the 'spirits' did not keep to the point, the chairman must call them to order! They did not, however, make any vocal demonstration. Although every body in West Randolph claims to be anti-slavery, neither of the churches could be obtained for the use of the convention, which will be pleasing intelligence to all who buy, sell, and enslave their fellow-creatures at the South.

From West Randolph, we proceeded to Montpelier, the capital of the State. It is a neat and handsome town, containing some three or four thousand inhabitants, and lies sweetly embowered between lofty hills, from the top of one of which we obtained a magnificent panoramic view, the distant mountains towering up grandly in all directions, (one range presenting almost a *fac simile* of the Catskill mountains,) and the whole made resplendent by a glorious sunset. No one in the place proffering any hospitality, we found good accommodations, at very reasonable prices, at Burnham's hotel, which, though not of the 'first class,' is well conducted, and in many respects preferable to some which are more pretentious. The table was inviting as to quantity and quality, and the guests were most attentively served by two young ladies, evidently twin sisters, so alike in their appearance and tasteful attire as to make it difficult for a stranger to discriminate between them. It added to the pleasure of each meal to be waited on by such agreeable attendants. From what we had heard of the state of things in Montpelier, we anticipated nothing in the shape of a warm reception, and were not disappointed. Not a single resident took the slightest interest in our meetings, any more than though we had been in Richmond, Virginia. We are indebted to our friend, W. H. H. Claflin, of Northfield, for making the necessary arrangements for us. The editor of the *Green Mountain Freeman*, a Republican organ, prior to our coming, had promised to 'abuse' us in his journal. Whether he has since executed his *manly* pledge, we do not know, as he does not allow us to see his paper, though for a long period we sent him the *Liberator*, without procuring a regular exchange. He was careful to absent himself from the two meetings held by us in the little Free Church, in order, perhaps, that he might be the more unscrupulous in his statements. The attendance at the afternoon meeting was small, (only one female being present,) but very respectable and intelligent. In the evening, the house was well filled with men, but, for some unaccountable reason, only half a dozen women were in the assembly. Was this owing to the fact that anti-slavery is made so exclusively a political affair, at the State capital, that the women at Montpelier supposed our meetings were of that type, and so took no interest in them? Or was there a clerical influence brought to bear upon them, by the mad-dog cry of 'infidelity,' and they were piously restrained from giving their attendance? We had judges, lawyers, ministers, editors present; but though we brought the severest accusations against the Church and State, no one had a word to say in defence or extenuation of either, notwithstanding we urged the utmost freedom of expression. We proclaimed and enforced our Disunion sentiments with all possible fidelity; but, alas for 'our glorious Union'! there was 'none so poor as to do it reverence'—at least, none so courageous as to say one word in its behalf. Nor could we find any in any part of Vermont that we visited; nor have we been able to find any in any part of the country for a long time; that 'covenant with death,' and that 'agreement with hell,' being utterly indefensible before the people!

At the Montpelier depot, our friend Mr. May was so unfortunate as to lose his valise, after having carefully given it in trust to be put in the baggage car. It was undoubtedly stolen, as no trace of it has since been discovered. Besides the linen and clothing contained in it, there were a number of letters and a valuable note-book, which can be of no possible service to the thief, but the return of which, under cover, addressed to 'Rev. Samuel May, Jr., Boston,' would be gladly welcomed.

The new State House at Montpelier is in process of completion, and will be ready for occupancy in all next year. The old one was the pride of the State, and deemed one of the finest in the Union; but the new one will be still more spacious, and, in point of architectural taste, even more beautiful.

Our next appointment was at West Brookfield, via Northfield. At the latter place, we dined with Guy C. Sampson, Esq., an early friend of our cause, for several years past a public lecturer in the temperance movement, and somewhat recently the editor of a temperance journal in Vermont. He brought to mind some interesting reminiscences pertaining to our long protracted struggle, both personal and particular. Ascending an elevation, we obtained a commanding view of the town and its surroundings: indeed, Vermont is replete with beauty and sublimity, travel where or l ok in whatever direction you please. Her hills and mountains are legion, green as Paradise, and cultivated to their very summits. Northfield is composed of two villages—the new one being of recent growth, the result of the railroad location, and full of mechanical skill and enterprise. We were there met by our excellent friends, Rev. Jehiel Claflin and James M. Coburn, who conveyed us a distance of ten miles in private vehicles to West Brookfield—a ride which we greatly enjoyed, as it gave us a much better opportunity to see the ever shifting and indescribably beautiful mountain scenery than can be obtained by riding in the cars. West Brookfield is a scattered and thinly settled village, having only one meeting-house, in which our friend Mr. Claflin preaches the word, in 'the spirit of love and of a sound mind,' and on an independent basis. It has been visited by almost all the anti-slavery lecturers, and there is a good deal of mental freedom, and of the spirit of radical reform, in all that region. On Sunday, 29th ult., two meetings were held in the meeting-house, (Mr. Claflin gladly omitting his own regular services, feeling a lively concern in the promotion of our sacred cause, as he has done for many years past,) and great was the interest manifested by all present—a large company of earnest men and women, drawn together spontaneously by a common bond of affinity, from the surrounding towns—so large that the aisles and pulpit stairs were crowded, many had to remain in the porch, while others sat in their wagons near the windows, eager to catch every word. The singing on the occasion was particularly good, and the impression produced highly encouraging. We shall ever remember our visit to West Brookfield with special pleasure.

At the close of the afternoon services, we were kindly conveyed to Williamstown by L. H. Spear, a radical reformer, where we were hospitably entertained over night at the house of Robert Seaver, a subscriber to the *Liberator*. Early the next morning, our friend Spear carried us to Washington, to 'help the cause along,' (and such help is tantamount to a direct contribution to the American Anti-Slavery Society,) where we took the stage for East Corinth. At the latter place, we were met by our friend Rev. N. R. Johnston, who gave us a hearty welcome, and conveyed us to his home in Topsham. He is one of the comparatively few occupants of the pulpit who have the good sense to understand that, in warmly espousing the cause of the millions held in ruthless bondage, and co-operating with those who are its uncompromising advocates, they are neither required to yield up one jot or tittle of their theological opinions or religious belief, nor obliged to endorse the views of any abolitionist on any other subject besides that of the inherent sinfulness of slavery. To him we are indebted for projecting the entire series of meetings held by us in Vermont, and by active correspondence securing the necessary arrangements to make them as effective as possible. All this he has done in a time of peculiar affliction, having somewhat recently experienced a terrible bereavement in the sudden death of his beloved wife. He preaches to a small Covenanter church, by whom he is greatly esteemed. We had but one meeting appointed in Topsham—at 2, P. M.—which was well attended, and held in Mr. J's meeting-house; but, so anxious were many to have another, especially such as could not conveniently attend in the afternoon, that an evening meeting was held in the town-hall, every seat being occupied, when a most attentive hearing was granted. Both Republicans and Democrats admitted that we dealt impartially with both parties, but no one came to the defence of either against our charges.

The next day, Mr. Johnston carried us to East Corinth, where we took the stage for Bradford, on our way to St. Johnsbury, via the Pasumpsic railroad. On arriving at the latter place, we were met at the depot by Mr. Nathaniel Randall, an independent thinker and an early reformer, who kindly invited us to his unpretending home, and who, with Mrs. R., will please accept our heartfelt thanks for the hospitality so assiduously extended to us. St. Johnsbury has grown up almost magically within the last fifteen or twenty years, through the inventive genius, skill and enterprise of the Messrs. Fairbanks, now almost world-famous for their scales and balances, which are superseding every other kind on both sides of the Atlantic. It is most pleasantly located, and, for uniform taste and neatness in the structure and appearance of its buildings, and in the attention paid to plants, and flowers, and other natural household appendages, is, in our judgment, the most finished and the handsomest village we have yet seen in the world. We were wholly taken by surprise, and filled with delight. It seemed as if the place were on exhibition, competing for the world's first prize.

The superintending care and good taste of the Messrs. Fairbanks were visible throughout the place. There is nothing old or dilapidated to be seen. Of course, these gentlemen are virtually the owners, as they have been the creators of St. Johnsbury, and their will is omnipotent, employing as they do a large body of men who are dependant on them for a situation. Hence, their responsibility is great, almost fearful. Let them beware how they attempt to fetter or restrict the human mind. Let them remember that, while 'it is excellent to have a giant's strength, 'tis tyrannous to use it.' Beautiful and prosperous as St. Johnsbury is, far better that it should be a heap of ruins, than that the laborers who have helped to make it what it is should be overawed by the bigotry and intolerance of their employers. Erastus and Thaddeus Fairbanks (the former has been Governor of the State) are intensely Calvinistic in their religious views—each of them is at the head of an orthodox church—both are reputedly very conservative in relation to all progress in religious freedom and mental enlightenment, keeping watch and guard over the whole place, so as to give 'heresy' no chance to find an entrance, and virtually compelling unity of faith and practice among the people. In a place thus controlled by the spirit of bigotry, we could hardly hope to obtain either an audience or a candid hearing. Indeed, as but a single meeting had been appointed, and that at a time of day when the laboring people could not attend, as the editor of the only paper in the place had 'remembered to forget' to insert a notice of it in his columns, and as no placards had been posted in any direction, we concluded that our visit to St. Johnsbury must prove 'a dead failure.' However, in spite of all these unpropitious circumstances, more than a hundred persons came to the meeting in the afternoon, some from other places, whom we addressed at considerable length. We resolved on trying another meeting in the evening, and had the pleasure of seeing an audience of four or five hundred, who were apparently much interested in the proceedings.

Our next meeting was at McIndoes Falls, which had been recently visited with a destructive fire. At the depot we were met by Alexander Gilchrist, one of 'the tried and true,' to whom, and also to his brother Archibald, we were largly indebted for their hospitality, courtesy and attention. At no place were we more kindly received, and the men and women to whom we were introduced, impressed us by their general intelligence and strength of mind. Indeed, the people of Vermont need not shrink from a comparison with the people of any other State in these particulars. They are a thinking, reading, inquiring population, and keep themselves well supplied with periodicals and books. We expected to have but one meeting at the Falls, in the afternoon—occupying the Orthodox meeting-house, a very neat and convenient building, which was offered free of charge. If the cause of the slave had received such welcome generally at the North, on the part of the church and clergy, it would, ere this, have won the jubilee. On returning at sun-down from an excursion upon a lofty hill in the neighborhood, we were strongly importuned to occupy the Methodist church in the evening, and give another lecture on slavery; and though greatly wearied in body and in mind, we could not refuse, but spoke at some length to an impromptu gathering of most attentive listeners.

Our next and last meetings were in Bradford—a beautiful and thriving village, located near the Connecticut river, and unrivalled for the sublimity of the scenery in its vicinity, and the excellence of its meadow lands. The attendance in the afternoon was respectable, but much less than we anticipated; and in the evening it was not much increased, in consequence of a violent rain-storm. We were hospitably entertained by Mr. J. D. Clark and family, who spared no pains to make our visit a pleasant one.

On every occasion, the attention and demeanor of the audience was all that could possibly be desired—not a hiss, not a note of disapprobation was elicited in any quarter. Never have we been more favorably impressed by any visit we have made, and we shall be glad to renew it at the earliest opportunity.

FRUIT CULTURE: or, a Guide to the Cultivation and Management of Fruit Trees, with descriptions of Fruits, and a variety of useful Miscellaneous Household Receipts; fully illustrated. By Thos. Gregg. New York: Fowler and Wells, Publishers. Price, by mail, 30 cents; cloth, 50 cents.

Fruit culture has but just begun to receive the attention it deserves, and we gladly welcome this work, as the matter it contains is well calculated to aid and instruct, and consequently benefit, the fruit-grower. Every person who has a tree, or ground enough for it to grow on, should read it. To be successful in fruit culture, as in every thing else, you must know how to do it; and this book gives much information one cannot well do without. The price is so small that any one can afford it. There is no doubt but in all sections some fruits can be made profitable, if judiciously cultivated,

For the Liberator.

'The steed called Lightning, say the Fates,
Is owned by these United States;
'T was Franklin's hand that caught the horse,
Then harnessed by Professor Morse;'
But now Bucephalus is taught to yield,
So tamed by Cyrus W. Field,
That, deep beneath the Atlantic tide,
Old England's Queen has taken a ride,
And quickly on the courser's track,
Our President has ridden back,
Greetings exchanged each with the other,
Just as a sister meets a brother.
Henceforth may there be 'no more sea,'
And earth enjoy a jubilee
'Of friendship and perpetual peace,'
Upheld by truth and righteousness,
And never may the electric chain,
Formed for all nations, break again!

Newbury. J. C.

☞ In the *Liberator* of week before last, we printed a number of articles and anecdotes concerning the Atlantic Telegraph, and among them, some lines by Rev. Claudius Bradford, of Montague, from which (following the paper from which we copied) one line was omitted. We therefore reprint them, supplying the missing line:—

In three departments of great Nature's ways
Have Massachusetts men won deathless praise.
First Franklin, in the lightning's forked glare
Has writ his name for ever on the air;
Next Morse upon the solid earth; and now
Field his upon the ocean's azure brow;
And while the first shall blow, the second soar,
The third make music on the sounding shore,
Field, Franklin, Morse, in trinity sublime,
Shall float for ever down the stream of time.

AMERICAN REPUBLICAN CONVENTION. This Convention met at Worcester on Tuesday last. John A. Andrew, Esq., of Boston, was elected President, and a long list of Vice Presidents and Secretaries chosen. Among the Vice Presidents was Caleb Swan, of Easton, the 'Straight Republican' candidate for Governor last year. Without the formality of a ballot, the present State officers were nominated for reelection by acclamation. Resolutions were passed, declaring that the Republican party has no love more strong than its love for the Union; that it is unalterably opposed to the extension of slavery; that it is in favor of a protective tariff, and providing additional safeguards for the purity of the ballot-box, &c. &c. Speeches were made by the President, Hon. J. Z. Goodrich, Hon. T. D. Eliot, Hon. Eli Thayer, and others. The concluding speech of the President, though brief, was characterized with such sincerity and fervor as to call forth the enthusiastic applause of the Convention. He declared his belief that 'slavery has no business to exist *any where*,' and his abiding faith that 'the day will come when the bright sun "will rise upon no master, and set upon no slave."'

MODERN GNATS, AND THE MODERN CAMEL.

A very curious and interesting museum might be formed of the animalculæ that are carefully strained out, stigmatized and repudiated by our modern Pharisees, while they swallow the camel, Slavery, without objection or difficulty. Here are a few of the latest specimens.

The *Christian Index*, a pro-slavery Baptist paper in Alabama, publishes and echoes the resolutions of a pro-slavery church in that State, to the following effect: that they deeply regret the spirit of personal crimination and recrimination which has of late appeared in some leading Baptist papers, and that they shall regard its continuance as injurious to the interests of the denomination, and destructive to vital piety. It appears that vital piety can stand the loss of purity, but cannot stand the loss of peace. Slavery is patriarchal, apostolical, and profitable, both for the life that now is, and for that which is to come; but 'personal crimination and recrimination'! Oh! dreadful! These ought not even to be named among slaveholders professing godliness!

The *New York Observer* (26th ult.) gives us three-quarters of a column of lamentation and objurgation, under the title, 'Dickens's Example.' It informs us that though it has not herctofore regarded Mr. Dickens's writings as the best possible food for young people, and though the reading public have, in years past, often been stumbled at 'his reckless style of living, his deep indebtedness, his neglect of those common principles which are essential to uprightness of character'—they were not prepared, even by these short-comings, for 'that breach of domestic obligation which has now been made public.'

Mr. Dickens has indeed been a great sinner, both by commission and omission. He has written against slavery in our country, and against the sabbatical superstitions which prevail both in our country and his own. He has also shamefully neglected to neutralize the evils of any 'reckless style of living,' and any 'deep indebtedness' into which he may formerly have fallen, by punctual attendance on some 'business men's prayer-meeting.' These things are bad enough. But the last development, the stupendous and terrific gnat which has *now* made its appearance in the cup of his life, cannot be passed over. Mr. Dickens has actually—by his own confession—agreed with his wife in the opinion that the happiness and real welfare of both will be best promoted by living apart from one another, and they both have, by mutual preference, as well as consent, begun to live thus. This transaction the *Observer* calls 'breaking the marriage vows,' and, by putting this statement into its 'Religious Department'—the portion of that paper which its editors authorize 'to be read on the Sabbath'—it intimates its judgment that calumny and falsehood are appropriate Sunday reading.

If Mr. Dickens has any regard for a fair appearance in the eyes of men, if he has the least appreciation of the virtues of white-wash, if he wishes for a sponge which will, with one sweep, wipe out all his previous errors, we beseech him to commence punctual attendance upon a prayer-meeting, and upon one held in the morning or at noon, rather than in the evening. This will restore him to full credit with the saints, and diffuse an odor of sanctity even over his separation from his wife. If he goes to the prayer-meeting, and she does not go, it will manifestly appear that she is the guilty cause of the separation. As it is customary for dealers in quack medicines to publish testimonials of their efficacy, desperate and (otherwise) hopeless cases that have been cured by their specific, we will quote a 'first-rate notice' of the successful operation of ours.

First, we will give an account of the disease. And we trust that no one will shrink from reading this on account of its length, since the severity of the disease augments the credit of the cure.

The patient is James Buchanan, President of the United States; than whom, no man in the country has been more treacherous to honor, truth, justice and common honesty. Here is what is said of him by one who thoroughly knows whereof he affirms, Col. John W. Forney, of Pennsylvania:—

'No man felt more deeply, in reference to Kansas, than Mr. Buchanan. No man talked more freely about it. In his letter of acceptance, and in the speech which he delivered to the committee appointed by the National Convention, to inform him of his nomination—and I was present in his parlor in Lancaster when he received them—he laid stress upon the great principle, that the will of the majority of the people of that Territory should prevail. 'Why,' he said to me a thousand times, 'the South must vote for me; it is Fremont or Buchanan; they must go for me; the North must be secured, and the only way to secure the North is to convince them that when I go into the Presidential chair, I will do right to the people of Kansas. I am now sixty-six years of age. I have reached that time of life when I have no ambition for a re-election, or if I have, the only way to secure it is to be strong with my people at home. I have watched this struggle from my quiet retreat in London. I have seen what I conceive to be the mistake of others. I am not responsible for the administration of President Pierce; therefore, I will inaugurate a new system; I will show to these gentlemen that a Pennsylvania President will stand firm to the pledges of a Pennsylvania gentleman and a Pennsylvania Democrat.' Now, fellow citizens, in that letter of acceptance, if you will refer to it—it is not necessary for me to produce it here—you will find that he stated distinctly that the people of the Territory of Kansas should be protected in the sacred rights of suffrage, unawed by any influence whatever, and that the will of the majority should prevail.

* * * * * * *

We went into the canvass. It fell to my lot to be at the head of the State Democratic Committee of Pennsylvania. All my affections were in that State; all the emotions of my nature, physical and mental, were enlisted on the side of the candidate she had presented. His whole career, his character, my personal attachment, and the sincere devotion I felt for him, his family, his cause, and all about him, made me so anxious for him to succeed, that I indulge in no vain expression of speech when I say to you that I would have forfeited my life for him. My devotion for him knew no bounds. Day and night, night and day, I toiled in that campaign.

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And above all others in that campaign, was the great principle of popular sovereignty.

He selected Robert J. Walker. And when he called upon Mr. Walker, and asked him to proceed to the Territory, Mr. Walker said to him, 'Why Mr. Buchanan, that would finish me forever; it has ruined every man who has gone there; it will ruin me. I have reached that time of life when I cannot afford to risk all my prospects, and probably the peace and happiness of my family.' And he said further, as if gifted with a knowledge of the future, 'I cannot run the risk of being most probably betrayed and deserted by the Administration that appoints me.' Mr. Buchanan said to him, 'Mr. Walker, if you will go there, you will settle this question in a few weeks. Everything is ready; here are your instructions. I pledge you my word that everything you desire you shall have.''

Col. Forney proceeded to state that a Cabinet meeting was held, all the members being present, and these promises of Buchanan were repeated, solemnly written down, and Gov. Walker departed with the pledge of the whole Cabinet, in addition to that of the President. He then proceeded to say that, during the first acts of treachery and duplicity of the President, he, Col. Forney, was unwilling to believe that Mr. Buchanan had turned traitor, and for a long while he clung to his faith in him,—but now for Forney's testimony to the other and darker side of the picture—he says:—

'But when the dark and damning deed at Lecompton was perpetrated, then I saw, for the first time, that these gallant men, Walker and Stanton, these men who stood with me, *I saw that I, and the whole democratic press of the country, had been carried along with the Administration, and were called upon to desert our pledges and betray our own manhood.* When this cup was presented to my lips, I refused it. (Continued applause and cheers.) Administrations may change; Presidents may change; but I had been too fully and too personally committed upon the subject to go back to Pennsylvania, and turn my back upon the pledges which I had both spoken and written. But I did not, for a moment, believe that the Administration, though concluding to abandon the position upon which it had come into power, had resolved to make that a test. I went to Washington. When I got there, I said to my old friend, Mr. Buchanan, 'For the first time in our lives we are at variance; having followed your lead thus far, I now find myself deserted.' 'Well,' said he, 'cannot you change too?' (Laughter.) 'If I can afford to change,' said he, 'why cannot you afford to change, too?' (Renewed laughter.) 'If you, Douglas and Walker, will unite in support of my policy, you will not hear a whimper of this thing; it will pass by as the summer breeze.' I said to him, 'We differ; very well; with an administration surrounded by office-seekers, living all the time in an atmosphere of flattery, followed by thousands of men who expect office, and who say to you, you are right, Mr. Buchanan, we are down upon our bellies in the dust, please to walk over us and trample upon us, and we will be content and happy; you may believe that your policy is right. But I tell you, Mr. Buchanan, that there is a still small voice in the hearts of the people, that instinctively rejects and abhors fraud—and this is fraud and dishonor. I do not claim to be more honest than other men; I have, as all politicians have, done many things which may not square exactly with the rules of religion and right, and which I regret having done; but this thing I will not do. (Renewed applause.) I have reached the years of manhood, and I cannot go back to Pennsylvania and eat my own words, and become the slave of power.'

Col. Forney next states that he appealed to the President to abandon this policy, or not to make it a test.

'The reply to that was—'Sir, I intend making my Kansas policy a party test.' 'Well, sir,' said I, 'I regret it; but if you make it a test with your officers, we will make it a test at the ballot-box.' * * * * As I said before, repeated efforts were made in vain. The conferring of the Presidential patronage with its vast millions, more than the great monarch of Great Britain herself enjoys, and nearly as much as the French monarch wields, made Mr. Buchanan believe that he would make this test successful. How was it made? Oh, gentlemen, the chapter which shall tell the manner in which this Administration has used its patronage, will be a black one. And when our children, and our children's children come to read, they will not believe that an American citizen, elevated to the Presidential chair, in the face of such a people, covered with an armor of pledges, should have gone into that chair, should have used his army and the treasury, your money and mine, your officers and mine, for the purpose of putting down a gallant band of men for standing honestly by the plain God's truth. (Cheers and applause.) I would that when that historian comes to write that chapter in the history of this country and government, he should not feel compelled to write that that President was born in Pennsylvania. No, gentlemen, there has not been an element, a single circumstance, lacking to relieve this unredeemed infamy; no, not one.'

Well, the conductors of the *New York Observer* know all this, and much more of enormous wickedness, in the Presidential career of James Buchanan. What do they say of it? What do they say *of him?* They say as follows (in the same paper which contains the attack on Mr. Dickens) in an article headed 'The Revival':—

'If any one doubts about the revival, let him come into the prayer-meetings. Come in on any day, and sit half an hour, and be honest to the convictions of your own mind, and you will no longer doubt. We have now completed eleven months of the daily meetings. The high and the low, the rich and the poor, must strive upon a common level. And day after day, day after day, they meet for prayer. The spot is holy ground.

It was said by a Philadelphian, who spoke of his own personal knowledge, that at the prayer-meetings at the Bedford Springs, President Buchanan was a daily attendant, and that he never missed but one meeting while he was in the place, and that was owing to sickness; that he took a deep and solemn interest in knowing all that he could of the progress of the great revival, and especially in our great cities.'

And the close of this article is,—

'So God is in the midst of us, in his amazing and wonderful power. Every day we see new tokens of it. God is reviving his work. Sinners are coming to Christ.'

Just think of the profit of this attendance on the prayer-meetings (considered simply as a business transaction) to Mr. Buchanan! Why, a pirate would attend them, if it paid him half as well! The hour daily which he spends in this way, gains him the recommendation of all the 'religious' newspapers in the country, and the votes of three-quarters of all their readers. It is the very most efficient and remunerative method of 'stump-speaking,' for him to sit an hour daily, silent, solemn and lachrymose, at a prayer-meeting. If he does that, he will secure, first, eulogy as a pious man, or as piously disposed, from all the 'religious' papers; next, their silence in regard to any amount of political and moral profligacy; and lastly, the suffrages of their readers at the next election, though he should recommend, at the same time, the legalization of the slave trade. That would be a mere *camel*, easily swallowed and promptly digested.

C. K. W.

TRIBUTE TO DEPARTED WORTH.

DIED, in Raynham, Mass., on the 4th instant, Mrs. ELIZA ANN, wife of Mr. Samuel Gillmore, and daughter of Mr. Caleb and Mrs. Chloe Easton, of North Bridgewater, aged 40 years.

Seldom has a bereavement fallen more suddenly or sadly on a large circle of relations and friends—and surely it is not often that a loss to survivors could be greater gain to the departed.

Identified by complexion with the proscribed African race, still Mrs. Gilmore, by her many virtues and endowments, secured the respect and esteem of all who made her acquaintance—while her gentle and amiable spirit wrung, even from those who hold the proscribed colored race most in disesteem, the admission that, after all, she was a model woman, and one whom multitudes of the most favored might study to advantage. She was ever the devoted friend of the Anti-Slavery Cause. A Church that has yet to learn the first principles of Christianity, that drove her grandfather from its doors, tore up his pew and hove it out after him, of course she abjured, and all that it fellowships. But to 'the Church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven,' she gave good evidence of union.

As her life was beautiful, so her departure was peaceful and delightful, giving her sorrowing friends the fullest assurance that her footsteps may be most safely followed.—COM.

☞ A hunter of alligators has captured four hundred in the swamps near New Orleans since May.

LETTER FROM MISS HOLLEY.

ORLEANS Co., (Vt.) Sept. 3, 1858.

DEAR MRS. FOSTER:

No one would be more interested in some account of our 'religious visit,' as the Quakers say, to Vermont, than yourself; you who, by the brave devotion of the best years of your life to the sacred cause of immortal liberty, have already won

'That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.'

Tuesday closed three months of our humble labor in this State. We have met with great kindness and hospitality.

I never enjoyed a lecturing summer so much, though I have spoken more than forty times to the people, and Miss Putnam has made several hundred calls in private homes. Insignificant as the result may be, beside your own effectual work, yet I know you are always devoutly grateful for any service in behalf of the slave, as if ever singing in your heart with Mr. Emerson—

'No accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath ever lost.'

Sometimes the expression of interest and sympathy in the cause is extremely touching. A few day ago, in one of Miss Putnam's calls, she met an elderly lady, who at once welcomed her errand, gladly taking the Anti-Slavery Tracts, handing a contribution, and, Congregationalist though she was, declared it was incomprehensible how the American Tract Society could refrain from crying out against the awful sin of slavery. Her unusual warmth, earnest emotion, and even tears, were explained, when she afterward said, 'I have a son who has resided at the South thirteen years, and I suppose he has come to think of slavery with Southern feelings. Knowing our sentiments, he avoids, in his letters, any allusion to the matter. And never but once has he sent us a Southern newspaper. That had an ordinary advertisement of a young "runaway" slave boy, "with light hair and blue eyes—might easily be mistaken for white." It was a difficult thing to speak of, but in my next letter, I copied the advertisement, word for word, and just added, "I could not help thinking who might be that boy's *grandmother*."' This incident spoke with new power to our souls of the vital interest even Vermont people have in the overthrow of slavery.

Full of rural occupations as the month of August is, enough of the inhabitants have attended our meetings to make it well worth while to have continued them. At Wheelock, Lyndon, Burke, Sutton, &c. &c., Free-Will Baptist meeting-houses have cheerfully opened to our cause, the minister giving us aid and countenance with the natural result—large and satisfied audiences.

Agreeably to the hospitable invitation we had received, we were last week near Barton Landing, with the children and venerable widow of Mr. Richard Peabody, an early and attached abolitionist of Littleton, N. H. As in several other isolated instances this summer, we listened to lively reminiscences of the old chivalric days of Anti-Slavery in this Northland. The names of N. P. Rogers, *Herald of Freedom*, Parker Pillsbury, Stephen and Abby Foster, Mr. Garrison, were 'household words.' These excellent people treated us with an excursion across the line, where we tasted that blessed air 'slaves cannot breathe.' We trod with delight the soil of Canada, on which 'their shackles fall.' The boundary, settled by the famous Ashburton treaty, is designated by iron posts and running streams, bearing the date of the treaty, and the names of the Commissioners of the respective Governments. I like to remember, in this connection, Lord Ashburton's independent avowal, in a conversation with some gentlemen in New York city, of Gerrit Smith's doctrine of ethics, then so derided among my acquaintance, that a slave has an undoubted natural and moral right to seize his master's horse, money, any thing to facilitate his escape into freedom.

Last Sunday afternoon, I was invited to the Congregational church at Coventry Falls. The friendly indication there toward Anti-Slavery is due to Miss Olive Gilbert, who once passed some months with her relatives and friends, Judge and Mrs. Cleveland, at whose pleasant home we had the happiness to stay. Mrs. C. gave ample testimony to the clear explanation and generous urgency of the principles and measures of the abolitionists, by Miss Gilbert, in her family and the neighborhood. Our refreshing social visit with Mrs. Cleveland culminated yesterday in a trip to Lake Memphremagog and its Mountain House, accessible only by the little steamer, Mountain Maid. There we all joined a small party to climb to the tip-top of Owl's Head. As we scaled the last steep, the foremost lady exclaimed, 'It seems almost like entering the Palace of the Sun!' So glorious was the meridian splendor! For an hour, seated on pinnacles of granite, we luxuriated in that delicious 'upper air,' and 'looked'

'O'er all the enchanted region there.'

The vast and varied prospect was surpassingly grand and beautiful. The clear air, that indispensable requisite for mountain views, enabled us to see every every object with charming distinctness.

Please understand, we are in the 'Lake Country' of Vermont, and like that delightfully famed poet's corner of England, this attracts all kinds of summer tourists; seekers for 'unspeakable rural solitudes,' scholars, artists, sportsmen, journalists and divines, as well as companies of the young villagers about. Through the kindness of an anti-slavery friend, who sent in his carriage from Sutton, we had a few hours at Willoughby Lake, ten days since, and greatly enjoyed that remote and picturesque haunt of Solitude. The day was one of exceeding loveliness. Sky, woods, fields, hills and lakes, all full of peaceful beauty, attended our thirty miles ride through quiet and shady ways. That evening we reached the Peabodys by the light of the harvest moon.

Affectionately,

SALLIE HOLLEY.

☞ Miss Holley has been laboring to great acceptance in Vermont, for some time past, as we were every where assured, during our recent visit to that State. —*Ed. Lib.*

TESTIMONY OF UNIVERSALISTS.

BARRE, (Vt.) Sept. 6, 1858.

FRIEND GARRISON:

Being a member of the Universalist denomination, and being proud of the position it has taken in the State of Vermont, upon the slavery question, I herewith send you a resolution which was passed at our last Convention in this State. It is positive and pointed, and I trust it expresses the sentiments of many Universalists throughout the country.

Yours, for freedom, F. S. BLISS.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That 'slavery is the sum of all villanies'; that its continual encroachments upon the principles of freedom should arouse every lover of humanity, and especially every professed Christian, to a renewed sense of the duties he owes to God and man; that we repudiate all laws that require us to aid in strengthening the bonds of slavery; regarding our duty to God paramount to any obligation laid upon us by human legislation; that we will use our powers and influence for the unconditional and immediate emancipation of every slave in this country, without compact, contract, or compromise, in fulfilment of the will of God, clearly revealed, that every yoke shall be broken, and the oppressed go free. [Good!]

☞ The Democrats of Massachusetts have nominated their candidate for Governor, Erasmus D. Beach, of Springfield, and as candidate for Lieutenant Governor, Charles Thompson, of Charlestown.

THE OCEAN CABLE CELEBRATION IN NEW YORK.

The celebration in New York on the 1st, was marked by ardent and elaborate enthusiasm. Broadway was the great theatre of display. In the transparencies and mottoes, the names of Victoria, Buchanan, Franklin, Morse, Field, Everett, Hudson and Preedy, and of the Niagara, Agamemnon, Gorgon and Valorous, were the most conspicuous, during the day and night. 'England' and 'America' were much pressed into service. As the inscriptions may be regarded as expressing the feelings of the people who decorated or illuminated their buildings, or public places, for the occasion, we copy a few of them. On the west gate of the Park was given the following passage of Scripture:—

'There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen, the lion's whelps have not trodden it, nor the fierce lion passed by it.'

The 'Anglo-Saxon Twins,' England and America, were represented by two figures standing by John Bull and Brother Jonathan, with hearts united by the cable, after the manner of the Siamese twins, with the following verse underneath:—

'The brothers need no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Our march is on the mountain wave,
Our lightning through the deep.'

Then came the following:—

'Morse, Field and Hudson—three noble mates,
Have made all nations the United States.'

Below this were the Niagara and Agamemnon laying the cable:—

'Europe from these United States
The sea no longer separates.'

An upholstery store bore a large transparency thus inscribed:—

'Rejoice, all nations! Married, on Thursday, Aug. 5, 1858, in the Church of Progress, at the altar of Commerce, the Old to the New World. May they never be divorced!' 'Born, on Monday, August 16, 1858, in the bed of the Ocean, of Science and Enterprise, the child "Atlantic Telegraph." May it live to honor its parents!' 'Died, Monday, Aug. 16, from an electric shock, Old Fogyism. May he rest in peace!'

'The Great Event of our Day—Commenced in Faith, pursued in Hope; may it be a bond of Charity and Good Will between Nations!'

'The Atlantic Telegraph—An artery through which the living blood of Liberty shall be infused through all nations over the sea.'

'Telegraph Lines are the Nerves of Nations.'

'The Queen and Old Buck perform a New Feat on the Slack Rope.'

Under a transparency of red light the Lafarge House had—

'Severed July 4, 1776; united August 12, 1858.'

On another strip, twenty yards long, were these words:—

'Science controls the elements, binds together with an iron cord the ends of the earth, and, guided by wisdom, man writes his thoughts with the lightning's point.'

The Mayor's office was well guarded by policemen. Among those present were the Rev. Dr. Field, father of C. W. Field, the hero of the day. He occupied an arm-chair by the side of Lord Napier, and entered graciously into conversation with the distinguished and popular nobleman. Archbishop Hughes sat vis-a-vis with Rev. Dr. Mott, President of Union College. The Archbishop wore scarlet-colored gloves, and upon the forefinger of his right hand was conspicuously visible his mammoth ruby ring, presented to him by the Pope at his ordination, and worn as the insignia of his office. The two conversed seemingly very pleasantly and harmoniously together. Peter Cooper, Wilson G. Hunt, Rev. Drs. Adams and Spring, Professors Bache, Heydick, Torrey and Webster, Benj. H. Field and Julius W. Tiemann, the Mayor's brother, were among the guests admitted in advance. Mayor Tiemann occupied the time in conversation with Mr. Archibald, the British Consul.

A great feature in the procession were the fourteen regiments of military—cavalry, infantry, and artillery, including the Montreal artillery. The companies were full, and the column occupied an hour in passing a given point. Cyrus W. Field and Mayor Tiemann rode in a carriage drawn by six horses. Following in other carriages were Capt. Hudson and his officers, Capt. Dayman and his officers, Lord Napier, Archbishop Hughes. To those in search of novelty, the trades formed the most attractive feature in the procession. The Crystal Palace was not overcrowded with company, but well filled. The Mayor called the assembly to order at 6 o'clock, and proceedings were commenced by singing Haydn's chorus, 'Achieved is the glorious work.' Next, the Rev. William Adams offered up prayer, which was followed by singing the CABLE ODE, written by Mrs. Ann H. Stephens; then followed the Mayor's address to Mr. Field, and Mr. Field's reply; Mr. Haswell's address to Capt. Hudson, and his reply; the reading of Alderman Clancy's address to Capt. Preedy of the Agamemnon, and Mr. Consul Archibald's reply in Capt. P's behalf. Peter Cooper delivered an address; David Dudley Field read a history of the ocean telegraph. Mr. Haswell, President of the Board of Councilmen, delivered to Capt. Hudson the freedom of the city in a gold box, and Capt. H. replied to his remarks. The demonstration terminated with a grand display of fireworks in the Park.

Never before was known in New York such impregnable masses of human beings as the streets displayed during the earlier portion of the night. The firemen's torch-light parade was an immense affair.

MORE ABOUT THE SLAVER AND HER CARGO. The brig Putnam (Echo) was yesterday towed to the wharves at the new Custom House, where she will probably lie for the present. The gentlemanly Superintendent, Col. E. B. White, will undoubtedly gratify the reasonable wishes of parties who may desire to observe the interior arrangements of a slaver.

Yesterday at noon, the steamer Gen. Clinch took a large party to Fort Sumter. These gentlemen availed themselves of the kindness of Dr. Hamilton, who had chartered the steamer for the purpose of conveying stores to the fort. These stores consisted of a bale of blankets, 350 in number, a bale of cotton cloth, a hogshead of bacon, and four casks of rice. This day the Marshal has promised the poor creatures some pipes and tobacco.

The gentlemen, representing a great variety of interests, were much gratified at the spectacle presented by these savages, who appeared in fine spirits, and entertained their visitors with a display of their abilities in dancing and singing. Their dances resembled, in a great degree, the popular burlesque of the Shaking Quakers. In their singing they preserve good time, but their voices are rather sharp and shrill. Their leader in these accomplishments displayed the genius of a Musard or a Jullien. One of their refrains reminded their auditors of a chorus in Ernani. The whole exhibition was exceedingly interesting and novel, in which the negroes seemed to take great delight.

Very few are left in the Hospital, and those manifest anxiety to get out. The ailments with which they are afflicted are readily yielding to medical treatment, and the general health of the gang has much improved since they have been under the care of Drs. S. L. Lockwood and Ogier.

Among these negroes are three who were originally employed on shore, before the cargo were embarked, in cooking provisions for the negroes, as they were gathered at the barracoons. They can talk in Portuguese and Spanish. They say that they were not purchased, but that the white men brought them away without their consent. They express themselves as happy now, and would prefer to stay here rather than to return. The wants of the entire gang are very simple and few; mainly consisting in the gratification of hunger, thirst, and some trifling vices. Dr. Hamilton exerts himself to render them comfortable, and their contented and satisfied faces attest the success of his endeavors.

Lieut. Bradford yesterday received a telegraphic despatch from Hon. Isaac Toucey, Secretary of the Navy, ordering him to deliver every thing into the hands of the United States Marshal, and to report himself, with his command, at Boston forthwith. Lieut. Bradford took immediate steps to obey the order, and, unless detained by *subpœna* to appear before the United States Commissioners' Court, of which we are not advised, it was his intention to leave the city last night by the Northeastern Railroad. * * * * * * * * *

It was undoubtedly the purpose of the State of South Carolina, in passing the Act of 1835, to assert and exercise jurisdiction over all importations whatsoever of persons of color, with a view to the peace and security of her people, and in accordance with her own notions on the subject. Nor would the mere fact of the introduction being made in a vessel of the United States Government alter her right or its exercise. The State law of 1835, however, was made with a full knowledge and in the face of the United States law of 1819. We take it, it was made in concurrence, and not as an act of nullification. The specified object of the United States Government, in regard to cargoes of captured slavers, is harmonious with the object of the State in her police law. The negroes are soon to be removed. It, therefore, seems not a case where the Sheriff would be justified in seizing the negroes, and we think he has acted wisely in permitting the matter to drop. Should the abolitionists seek to use the law of 1819 against us, or to molest us by indirection, our proper course cannot be doubtful. That would be a clear case, within the letter and spirit of the law of 1835.

Charleston Mercury, Sept. 1.

THE CAPTURED SLAVER.—*A Precedent.*—The press have generally given currency to the statement that the brig Echo, or Putnam, is the first captured slaver that has been brought to our ports. This is believed to be an error—a belief that is confirmed by the subjoined letter which we find in the Charleston *Courier*:

'The present case is not without precedent, and the action of the Government then, may indicate what will probably be its course in the present instance.

'Thirty years ago, a vessel with a cargo of Africans was wrecked on Carysfort Reef. The Africans were landed and transferred to St. Augustine, and placed in the custody or safe keeping of the U. S. Marshal, who received instructions from the authorities at Washington to *hire them out*, and make them defray their own expenses, until a vessel could be sent for them. They remained for some time in Florida, perhaps a year. In the Fall of 1829, a vessel arrived in the port of St. Augustine, and soon as the Africans ascertained the object of her coming, most of them, unwilling to leave the flesh-pots of Florida, *took to the woods*, and it was with some difficulty that the Marshal could muster them for embarkation. They were finally gotten together, and shipped for Liberia. What became of them afterwards we had no means of knowing.'

HORRORS OF THE SLAVE TRADE.—The Key West *Key of the Gulf*, in its account of the capture of the slave brig Putnam by the U. S. ship Dolphin, relates the following:—

'The prize had on board, when taken, about three hundred and thirty Africans, mostly young—none of whom were over thirty-five years of age; and there were evidently several births on the voyage. More than seven-eighths of the slaves, male and female, were in a nude State. They were confined to the deck in a sitting posture—'spoon fashion'—and, as we learn from Dr. J. M. Brown of the Dolphin, presented a most disgusting, sickening and revolting appearance. Many had the leprosy, others with their eyes obtruding from the socket, others with horrible sores and almost all conceivable ailments, consequent to their position in confinement and treatment on board. Originally there were four hundred and seventy taken on board, of which number one hundred and forty had died.

Among the incidents of the capture, we learn that the night before that event, the vessel being within about eighty miles of the port of destination, a grand champagne 'blow out' was had on board, in anticipation of soon successfully completing the voyage and fingering the proceeds—of which we are informed each of the crew was to receive nine hundred dollars, and the owners expected to clear one hundred and thirty thousand dollars,—but, before they had time to sleep off the effects of their potations, the Dolphin hove in sight at daylight, much to their surprise and chagrin. Also during the chase, when it was thought by the slavers that their vessel was distancing the Dolphin, they again indulged in champagne, drinking confusion to the pursuers, leaning over the rail and bowing and tossing off a bumper in the most improved and 'don't-you-wish-you-could-catch-us' style. But when the last shot was fired, going between her masts, their self-assurance and hopes of escape turned to fear and excitement; and after the capture, they expressed great astonishment as to the accuracy of the shot, and asked 'what kind of a gun sent a ball that distance?'

Charleston, Sept. 1. The *Mercury* of to-day contains the Attorney General of South Carolina's opinion on the subject of the negroes brought here in the brig Echo. It is to the effect that the Africans be retained by the United States Marshal, and that they are not subject to the laws of South Carolina.

☞ By an act of May 10, 1800, the owners of vessels fitting out for, or engaging in the slave trade, forfeit their property and incur a fine of double the amount. Under the act of May 15, 1820, the trade became piracy, and American citizens serving on board of American or foreign vessels engaged in the trade, incur the penalty of death.

BURIAL OF DR. WESSELHOEFT. Funeral services were performed over the remains of the late Dr. Wm. Wesselhoeft, Monday afternoon, at 22 Bedford street. They were conducted by Rev. Theodore Parker, and were highly impressive. Mr. Parker first made an address, during which he took occasion to eulogize the virtues of the deceased, placing him in an exalted position as a physician, man and Christian. With a wise head, he united a generous and humane heart. He referred to the strong faith and intellectual intrepidity of Dr. W.; qualities that had carried him through a period of his profession when it was surrounded by enemies, until it was now a strong and felt power. Mr. Parker was followed by Dr. Duavry, a German exile, who has been in our country for several years, now a resident of South Boston, who made a brief address in his native tongue, which deeply affected many of his hearers. He spoke in a feeling manner of the early life of Dr. W., and eloquently referred to his many noble qualities. The services were closed with a prayer by Mr. Parker. Both his address and prayer were impressive, and brought tears to the cheeks of many present.

A large number of physicians of the homœopathic school—nearly all in Boston and vicinity—were in attendance, as were also many well known and esteemed citizens. The remains were interred at the Forest Hill Cemetery. They were followed by a large procession. Thus has passed away a physician and man that was an honor to his calling and kind.—*Atlas.*

COLORED MILITARY. At a meeting on Monday of the Executive Council, Col. Thompson, Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, to whom had been submitted a petition of Robert Morris and sixty-four other young colored men of Boston, for authority to organize a military company of colored men to be called the 'Massasoit Guard,' recommended that the petitioners have leave to withdraw. The petition was accompanied by a communication from Robert Morris, requesting a hearing upon the subject. It is understood that the committee decline to recommend it on the ground, that by section 4 of chap. 167 of the Statutes of 1858, it would be illegal to grant authority for the formation of any company. That statute provides that 'no company shall be hereafter organized, if it shall cause the whole number of the volunteer militia of the Commonwealth to exceed 5000 officers and men.' —*Boston Bee.*

NO COLORED SUNDAY SCHOOLS. We clip the following from the Cincinnati *Commercial* of Aug. 26th:

In the highly civilized town of Richmond, the capital of the great State of Virginia, on Sunday last, one hundred colored children were arrested for attending an unlawful assemblage—that is, a Sunday School, where oral instruction was given. They were soon released, but the pastor and trustees of the church where they met were summoned by the Mayor to show cause why they should not be dealt with according to law, for permitting an unlawful assemblage in the church!

☞ Elihu Burritt, in the course of his address before the Literary societies of Hamilton College the other day, 'received a round of applause'—so says a correspondent of *The Times*—for expressing 'his condemnation of the rant, vituperation, &c., of the Boston Abolitionists and Union-smashers.' It is fit that a man who sees in slavery not a crime to be renounced, but an interest to be bought and sold, and who is never moved to speak an indignant word of the slaveholder, should pour out his invective upon the Abolitionists.—*Anti-Slavery Standard.*

SLAVERY IN KANSAS.—The sheriff of Leavenworth, Kansas, advertises for sale a yoke of oxen, and a *negro boy*, sixteen years of age! Although nineteen twentieths of the people of Kansas are opposed to slavery, the institution is forced upon them. Here is a practical illustration of 'Popular Sovereignty.'

VALUABLE DONATION. The children of the late Dr. Nathaniel Bowditch have presented his library, consisting of more than 2500 volumes of valuable scientific works, and including several autograph manuscript volumes of the Doctor's scientific labors, to the Public Library of the city of Boston.

☞ George Combe, the celebrated writer on phrenology, whose books have been extensively circulated in this country, died at a hydropathic institution in Moor-park, Surrey, England, on the 14th inst. His 'Constitution of Man' had a circulation equalled only, it is said, by the Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, and Robinson Crusoe. He was seventy years old.

☞ Dr. Abial A. Cooley, the inventor of friction matches, died at Hartford, Ct., on the 15th inst., aged 76 years.

☞ Humboldt, it is said, has predicted that his own death will take place in 1859, and suggests that a certain publication of his works should be postponed till that time.

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

COLLECTIONS FOR TRACT FUND, BY MRS. C. H. DRAKE.

Wm. P. Tilden, Fitchburg, Mass.,		$1 00
J. J. Hardon,	"	1 00
Rev. A. W. Bruce,	"	1 00
Mrs. Caroline Pride,	"	0 50
A friend,	"	0 20
Dr. Jefferson Church, Springfield, Mass.,		1 00
Wm. Richie,	"	1 00
E. T. Stowell,	"	1 00
E. W. Twing,	"	0 50
A friend,	"	0 25
Two friends,	"	1 00
Oren W. Adams, Franklin, Mass.,		0 15
Aldrich S. Cook, Milford,	"	1 00
S. J. Wilkinson, "	"	0 22
G. W. Herrick, "	"	0 35
Friends, "	"	0 20
A. A. Bent, Gardner,	"	5 00
Friend, "	"	0 10
Friend, Worcester,	"	0 25

FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer.*

THE TENTH

WORCESTER ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR,

To be Held at Washburn Hall during Cattle-Show Week, the first week in October.

As the time is approaching for holding our annual Fair in this city, the object of which is well known to all, we earnestly solicit the assistance of all those who have hitherto co-operated with us, and others whom the increasing demands of the times have aroused to a sense of the responsibility resting upon them to do all in their power for the overthrow of the giant evil with which we are contending. Donations of money or refreshments will be thankfully received. The Fair will open on Tuesday evening, Oct. 5. Further particulars hereafter. Communications may be addressed to any member of the Committee.

ADELINE H. HOWLAND, EMILY SARGENT, LUCY CHASE, HANNAH M. ROGERS, ABBY W. WYMAN, SARAH L. BUTMAN, HANNAH RICE, OLIVE LOVELAND, MARY O. HIGGINSON, MARIAH L. FIRTH,	Worcester.
SARAH R. MAY, MARY S. MCFARLAND, SOPHIA S. MCFARLAND,	Leicester.
LYDIA B. DENNY, Clappville,	
ELIZA A. STOWELL, Warren.	
EMMA W. WYMAN, Boston,	
MARY E. HODGES, Dorchester,	
FRANCES H. DRAKE, Leominster.	
POLLY D. BRADISH, Upton,	
KATHERINE E. FARNUM, Waterford,	
MARIA P. FAIRBANKS, Millville,	
NANCY B. HILL, Blackstone,	
ABBY B. HUSSEY, Lancaster,	
LOUISA F. HALE, Upton.	
SUSAN B. EVERETT, MARY ANN GRIFFIN, ELIZA HOWE,	Princeton,
CAROLINE WAIT, Hubbardston.	

August 20, 1858.

PHILANTHROPIC CONVENTION,

TO OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD.

To be held in Mechanics' Hall, UTICA, Oneida Co., N. Y., on the 10th, 11th, and 12th of Sept., 1858.

☞ We, the undersigned, believing that a true philosophy of human existence and conduct will ultimate in more ennobling institutions and philanthropic systems of education, hereby invite all thoughtful and humane persons of every profession, or form of faith, to be present and take part in a Convention, with a platform perfectly free to all who can throw what they believe to be true light upon

THE CAUSE AND CURE OF EVIL.

We desire the question presented in all its aspects. It is hoped, therefore, that minds will come *prepared* to treat this subject with dignity and wisdom, from every stand-point of observation and discovery—the physical, social, political, intellectual, theological and spiritual.

(Signed by) ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, and about three hundred others,

some twenty of whom have engaged to address the Convention.

HARMONIAL COLONY CONVENTION.

All persons interested in the establishment of a Harmonial Township, Precinct or Neighborhood, on the general basis announced in the late Circular of D. C. Gates and others, are hereby respectfully invited to meet in select Convention at Worcester, Mass., on the 15th and 16th days of September next, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M., on the 15th. The undersigned expects that a goodly number of those numerous friends, in various parts of the country, who, by letter or otherwise, have expressed their readiness to co-operate in the movement, will be present on the occasion. Also, such others as are prepared to take a working interest in the cause. Spectators and mere talkers are not invited. Adin Ballou, as a cordial friend, adviser, and promoter of the enterprise, has engaged to be present, and to submit for discussion such specific documents and plans of operation as in his judgment may be requisite to our success. For the place of meeting, comers will please inquire at No. 1, Bay State Block, Main St., Worcester.

In behalf of the Movement,

DANIEL C. GATES.

☞ NATICK.—ANDREW T. FOSS, an Agent of the Mass. Anti-Slavery Society, will speak at Natick on Sunday next, (Sept. 12,) at usual hours of morning and afternoon service.

☞ All persons are invited to attend.

☞ PLYMOUTH COUNTY.—WM. WELLS BROWN will hold meeting in Plymouth County as follows:—

Hanson, (Universalist Church,)		Sunday, Sept.	12.
"	(Read a Drama,)	Monday, "	13.
East Hanson	" "	Tuesday, "	14.
South "	" "	Wednes'y, "	15.
Hanover,	" "	Thursday, "	16.
Plymouth, (speak during the day,)		Sunday, "	19.
"	(read a Drama,)	Monday, "	20.
South Abington, (read a Drama,)		Tuesday, "	21.
West	" " "	Wednes'y, "	22.

☞ TO THE FRIENDS OF THE FUGITIVE SLAVE.—A young man, who was severely wounded when escaping from slavery, and has now nearly recovered, wants a place in a family or hotel to wait and tend, or to take the care of horses, being used to driving coach or team. He is of good disposition, ready and willing to do any thing in his power, and anxious to earn his own living.

Apply to R. F. WALLCUT, 21 Cornhill, or by letter to FRANCIS JACKSON, Boston, for more particular information.

AGNES,

A NOVEL,

BY THE

AUTHOR OF 'IDA MAY,'

of which over

60,000 COPIES

have been sold.

The above Work will be published Sept. 11.

One Volume, 12 mo. Price, $1.25.

Orders from the trade respectfully solicited.

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S10 1ins *Publishers, Boston.*

COTTAGE HOUSE FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.

MAY be had at a great bargain, or would be exchanged for a larger house, a substantially built Cottage House in Greenwood, near schools, and at a suitable distance from churches.

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Hopedale, Milford Mass., Aug. 9, 1858.

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REV. JNO. E. ROBIE, *Ed. 'Chr. Adv.,' Buffalo, N. Y.* 'Mrs. S. A. Allen's

POETRY.

'LINE UPON LINE';

Or, A Lyre for the Wire.

BY REV. T. W. HIGGINSON.

Beside this foaming ocean bay,
Its blue horizon spreading,
We meet to celebrate to-day
A more than golden wedding;
Which more substantial joy will bring
To millions democratic,
That his who once, with marriage ring,
Espoused the Adriatic.

Well may the proud imperial Sea
To-day his voice exalt;
He bids us to his nuptial feast,
We sit above the salt;
We cannot tell with what new wealth
This triumph yet shall freight us,
Nor measure this high tide of joy
By Batchelder's apparatus.

When, mile by mile, the massive wire
Sank plashing through the brine,
Hearts rose and fell, like drifting ships,
In their hopes for the priceless line;
But the finny people wondered most
When, quite against their wishes,
Came squirming down on ocean floor
This oddest of odd fishes.

A school of mackerel got dismissed
To ponder this new study;
The alewives paused amid their drink,
And thought their heads were muddy;
The lobsters turned, in sudden fears,
As red as when they 're boiled;
The whales shed spermaceti tears
Till all the sea was oiled.

The frightened soles together came
In one substantial body;
Each cod looked bluer than blue pills,
Or Warren's Pillicoddy;
The great sea serpent wondering asked
'What 's all this stir and coil?'
The eels a giant brother knew,
And stopped to see him broil.

The black fish turned a little pale,
(As big as a ship's jolly boat;)
And trembled all, from head to tail,
The melancholy halibut;
The oysters got up from their beds
With rather sleepy faces;
The plaices flapped their startled fins,
And went to other places.

But when the first brief message went
Through the wide watery bounds,
The dumbfish straightway were transformed
To ocean's tongues and sounds,
Till (while old hunkers of the deep
Were wondering and gulping,)
Young swordfish sent by telegraph
A challenge to young sculping.

And when they understood the thing,
The watery fun grew better,
The seals desired to stamp themselves
On every passing letter;
The grave white bears came swimming down
To inquire for Doctor Kane,
While the frightened herrings only asked
What tidings from the Seine?

Mid these despatches soon will come
A chaos of news human,
When man shall telegraph to man,
And (tenderer words) to woman;
And some will write to creditors,
And some will write to lovers,
And foreign flying doves send back
Kind thoughts for Pigeon Cove-ers.

And we, who by the eternal sea,
Ring out our prose or rhyme,
And float at anchor safely o'er
'This bank and shoal of time,'
We seem to see remotest lands
No more through shadowy vistas,
But, linked in sympathetic bands,
The furthest worlds grow sisters.

A thousand tender longings shoot
Along the quivering wire,
A thousand hearts' pulsations beat
In all its throbs of fire;
The wanderer now no longer 'drags
Each day a lengthening chain,'
'Tis hammered to electric links,
And sunk beneath the main.

Methinks, from England's shores there come
Congratulating clappings,
Old Ocean 's grown a medium,
We all shall hear the 'rappings;'
Two continents are linked at last
By moorings strong and stable,
And Hope's symbolic anchor now
Is fastened to the cable.

TO THE SEXTANT.

[The following lines appeared originally in the Detroit *Tribune*. Our readers will excuse the absence of correct orthography, and the imperfect poetic measure, in view of the earnestness of the writer in a humane and noble cause. We hope all concerned in church-erection will read and profit. Its philosophy is admirable.]

A Appeel for Are to the Sextant of the Old Brick Meetinouse.

BY A GASPER.

O sextant of the meetinouse, wich sweeps
And dusts, or is supposed to! and makes fiers,
And lights the gass, and sometimes leaves a screw loose,
in which case it smells orful,—worse than lam-pile
And wrings the Bel, and toles it when men dyes
to the grief of survivin pardners, and sweeps pathes;
And for the services gets $100 per annum,
Wich them that thinks deer, let em try it;
Getin up befoar star-lite in all wethers, and
Kindlin fires when the weather is as cold
As zero, and like as not grean wood for kindlers;
i would n't be hired to do it for no some—
But, o Sextant! there are 1 kermoddity
Wich 's more than gold, wich doant cost nothin,
Worth more than anything except the Sole of Mann!
i mean pewer Are, Sextant, i mean pewer Are!
O it is plenty out o dores, so plenty it doant no
What on airth to dew with itself, but flys about
Scaterin leavs and bloin of men's hatts;
in short, its jest 'fre as are' out dores.
But o sextant, in our church its scarce as piety,
scarce as bank bills when agints beg for mishuns,
Wich some says is purty often (taint nothin to me,
Wat I give aint nothin to nobody,) but, o sextant,
u shet 500 men, wimmen and children,
Speshally the latter, up in a tite place,
Some has bad breths, none aint 2 swete,
Some is fevery, some is scrofilus, some has bad teeth,
And some haint none, and some aint over cleen;
But every 1 on em breethes in & out and out & in,
Say 50 times a minit, or one million and half breths an our,
Now how long will a church full of are last at that rate,
I ask you, say 15 minits, and then wats to be did?
Why then they must breethe it all over agin,
And then agin, and so on, till each has took it down,
At least 10 times, and let it up agin, and wats more,
The same individible dont have the priveledge
of brethen his own are, and no one's else;
Each one must take whatever comes to him.
O sextant, doant you no our lungs is bellusses,
To blo the fire of life, and keep it from goin out? and how can bellusses blow without wind,
And aint wind *are*? I put it to your conschens.
Are is the same to us as milk to babies,
Or water is to fish, or pendlums to clox—
Or roots & airbs unto an injun Doctor,
Or little pils unto an omepath,
Or boys to gurls. Are is for us to brethe,
Wat signifies who preaches if i cant brethe?
Wats Pol, wats Pollus, to sinners who are ded?
Ded for want of breth? Why, sextant, when we dye
Its only cos we cant brethe no more—thats all.
And now, o sextant, let me beg of you
2 let a little are into our church.
(Power are is sertain proper for the pews,)
And do it weak days and Sundays tew—
It aint much trouble—only make a hole,
And the are will come of itself;
(It luvs to come in where it can get warm;)
And o how it will rouze the people up
And sperrit up the preecher, and stop garps,
And yawns and figgits as effectooal
As wind on the dry Boans the Profit tells of.

The Liberator.

THOUGHTS OF A STRANGER ON THE CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

BOSTON, August 29, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR:

A tour of some four thousand miles through your Northern States has presented many topics of thought new to me as an Englishman. I had a holiday of six months allowed me from my official employments in my native country, and I had several objects in view in coming here. My first and principal object was to see the practical development of Christianity—by which I mean personal faith in the Lord Jesus Christ as the only divine manifestation of God to man—amongst you, both nationally and individually. A conviction had been growing in me for some time, that Christian faith had become torpid and was dying out of the mother country; that the churches there had become dead to all the higher and spiritual purposes of life; and I much wished to see what of the vital power of DIVINE love, in connection with Christian forms of thought, could be discovered in the midst of your less antiquated forms of society. And I have to confess, with pain and astonishment, that what with us in England appeared torpid and dying, with you in America appears ghastly dead. In England, there is a kind of somnambulistic life in the churches, mistaken by long habit of thought for health and vigor, but with you in America, it is the foul life of the charnel-house, the loathing rottenness of corruption, that is mistaken for the very same thing. With us, the great Christian doctrine of regeneration is connected in the public mind with the common decencies of the Christian life; with some acknowledgment, however little it may be realized, of the brotherhood of man; of the *necessity* of a life of justice, of humanity and of truth, in connection with the serious outward profession of a Christian faith. There is something held up for the half-Christian to aim at as a veritable reality, after which he will say *he hopes* he is seeking, if not with all his heart and soul striving to realize. There is a general formulistic acknowledgment of the truth, and in the low vegetating kind of life found in the churches, there is not much visibly Satanic and diabolical that you can take up and shake in their faces to arouse and alarm them. But here I find the very brotherhood of man denied and scouted,—the divine truth lying at the basis of a God-derived humanity and of the necessity of Christian salvation rejected with scorn;—and the churches, with their eyes wide open—oh, how ghastly and balefully open—lifting up for worship and obedience, not even a golden image like Nebuchadnezzar—not even a respectable brazen calf, like the old Jews—but a downright ugly, motley devil, in the shape of an infernal lie become a human law, enforced by pains and penalties, that MAN, the image of God, shall be a brute beast and *a thing*. And this law the so-called Christian churches of the United States set up as the representative of God's divine justice and love to inspire and animate their members!! You may judge of my disappointment,—with what spiritual footsoreness and weariness I have travelled from your Dan to your Beersheba, from your Boston to your Mississippi, and not found a vestige of national or State recognition of the divine truth, that man is a man, and not a thing, every where and for ever. Of course, your laws and institutions are the reflex of your national and individual life. Your public opinion shows your national prevailing faith. In New York, I saw an inscription, in large letters, 'Colored people may ride in this car.' That inscription—an utter and complete manifestation of the diabolic life within the souls of them that gave it birth and form—words composed in the very spirit of hell—was stalking about the streets in open daylight, and has been for how many years I cannot tell, in the sight of the churches, and I did not hear that any one of those churches had protested against so foul a wrong as the inscription necessarily implies. I was travelling to the Catskill Mountains, and my companions in the stage were two intelligent ladies, persons evidently of refinement, education and travel. They did not live in the South, but had friends and connections there. They *would* not, oh, no, they *could* not, hold a slave themselves, but they meekly and approvingly told me that the Bible sanctioned slavery. If it did, why were they ashamed of it? A highly respectable merchant of New York told me the same thing. My soul turned with loathing from the blasphemy, and I replied—'What! do you not know that in Virginia, the slave-breeder will hire a robust, healthy, vigorous white man, to act as stallion to his women slaves, and pay him wages at so much per week or month or year to improve the breed for the market, and do you mean to tell me that the Bible sanctions such unspeakable filthiness and atrociety?' He admitted the truth of my fact, hung down his head as if in shame, and he replied no more.

I was sailing up Lake George, and when it was known that I was an Englishman, I was courteously invited by a party of ladies and gentlemen to join their circle. Some of them, if not all, were members of churches, and they belonged to different churches. But all who spoke palliated slavery. I appealed to one of the young ladies, young and beautiful,—but not more beautiful and interesting than colored ladies I have seen in the States,—'What would be your feelings and convictions on this subject, if you were put on the auction-block and offered for sale to help fill one of the harems of the South?' 'Oh,' said she, 'if I was black, I should think it quite natural!' I spoke of the generally acknowledged right to resist oppression, and that the black man by such code of morality would be justified in destroying his legal owner; on which one of the gentlemen of the party turned round and said, 'It cannot be right to commit murder. Do you think the Scriptures justify the taking away of human life?' 'No,' I replied, 'I do not think they do. But whatever right your ancestors had to rise against British oppression, whatever right George Washington and the other heroes of the War of Independence had to kill their opponents, (and you glorify them for so doing,) the black man has. Yes, he has a hundred times the wrong and oppression your fathers had to justify a similar deed.' He was silent, and did not speak another word, but there was anger in his eyes directed towards me.

I was walking out near Harlem with some friends and two young ladies, known to them, joined us in our walk. The conversation again led to the same topic. 'Oh,' said one, with all the nonchalance possible, 'I am pro-slavery.' 'Oh,' said the other, 'I don't like holding slaves, but I don't like having the black people near me.' But the South has not this excuse. Their noses can no more be offended by the odor of the colored race, than their taste can be offended by tobacco juice. They are accustomed to it. As infants, they have been dandled in the midst of it, and inhale it as the smoke of their cigars from the cradle to the grave; and it could not become more offensive, even to the most fastidious, if the slave became a freeman. But, oh! how repugnant to the spirit of Christ is the hatred of the black man which all this implies in the heart of the church of the North! How devilish the spirit it evinces! But the American churches see it not, nor voluntarily heed it; and the involuntary conclusion is forced upon my mind, that I must go back to my native land without the pearl I sought—a Christian church of pure and holy men and women, living out in all their human relations the divine life of the Lord Jesus Christ on earth.

I have much more to say, but I feel I have no right to occupy your columns further at the present time. I will hope, with your permission, to resume my subject in a future number.

Believe me, my dear sir,
Yours, very truly,
W. ROBSON.

☞ How rejoiced should we be if every English traveller in America would be equally faithful on the subject of slavery!—[*Ed. Lib.*

THE SOCIAL AND MORAL CONDITION OF THE SLAVE STATES.

DEAR GARRISON:

The census of 1850 gives another criterion of the social and moral condition of the slave States, as compared with the non-slave States. Compare the marriages, families and dwellings of the slave States with those of non-slave States. Massachusetts has a population of 994,514. In 1850, there were 10,347 marriages, and at that time there were 192,675 families, and 152,835 dwellings. In Virginia, there was a population of 1,239,797, and but 8,163 marriages, 165,815 dwellings, and 167,530 families. Thus Virginia, with 300,000 more population, had, in 1850, 2000 less marriages, 25,000 less families, and only 13,000 more dwellings.

Connecticut had, in 1850, 309,975 inhabitants. There were, during the same year, 3,213 marriages, 73,448 families, and 64,013 dwellings. At the same time, South Carolina had 668,507 population, and only 2,005 marriages, 52,937 families, and 52,652 dwellings. Thus South Carolina, with more than twice the population of Connecticut, had, in 1850, 1000 less marriages, 20,000 less families, and 12,000 less dwellings.

Vermont had a population of 315,120, and 2,653 marriages, 58,573 families, and 56,421 dwellings. Louisiana had a population of 517,762, and 2,890 marriages, 54,112 families, and 49,101 dwellings.—Thus Louisiana, with 20,000 more inhabitants, had 2,000 less families, 7,000 less dwellings, and only 230 more marriages.

Compare Maine and Alabama. Maine had 583,169 population, and in 1850 there were 4,886 marriages, 103,333 families, and 95,802 dwellings; while Alabama, with a population of 771,623, had 3,940 marriages, 73,786 families, and 73,070 dwellings. With 200,000 more inhabitants than Maine, Alabama had 1000 less marriages, in 1850, 30,000 less families, and 22,000 less dwellings.

Compare the domestic, social and moral condition of Michigan and Mississippi. Michigan, with a population of 397,652 had, in 1850, 4,257 marriages, 72,611 families, and 71,616 dwellings; while Mississippi, with 606,336 population, had only 2,774 marriages, 52,107 families, and 51,681 dwellings. With nearly double the population, Mississippi had only half as many marriages as Michigan, 20,000 less families, and 20,000 less dwellings.

What makes the difference? This: about one half of the women of South Carolina, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama and Virginia, are by law and religion excluded from the pale of recognized marriage, and rendered incapable of forming a marriage contract; incapacitated, by Church and State, to enter into the relations of wives and parents. Before the law and religion of the sixteen slave States, over one third of their women cannot be wives, nor can over one third of their men be husbands. Two millions of men cannot enter into the relations of husbands and fathers, to be recognized as such by Church or State. Two millions of women cannot hold the relation of wives, but are recognized as *mothers*—of what? Of human beings—heirs of immortality—children of God? No; but of brute beasts, of chattels. Even though our Washingtons, Jeffersons, Madisons, Munroes, Jacksons, Tylers, Polks, Pierces and Buchanans, or our Bishops, Doctors of Divinity, or Deacons and Christians (?) are the fathers of the children of these women, the children themselves are chattels,—mere *beasts*.

The four million slaves are in the census, regarded as men and women, and are counted as part of the population of the slave States and of the nation, but in enumerating the marriages and families, they are excluded, and only the whites and free colored people are mentioned. Thus the slaveholders and the government declare that there are no marriages, and no families, among over one third of the population of the sixteen slave States. By law and religion, by Church and State, by the State and National Courts and Governments, marriage and the family are abolished among nearly one half of the entire population of the South.

Assuming, what the history of the case demonstrates to be true, that the social and moral character and condition of a people are known by the relations which women hold to men, and by the respect paid to them as women, as wives, as mothers, and in families, what must be the character and condition of the slave States? What can be thought and said of those Northern women who become wives of slaveholders? They consent to become the matrons of the harems of their husbands. Every wife of a slaveholder is no more nor less than the favored mistress in her husband's seraglio. If the women of the North wish thus to prostitute themselves, they must do so. But their children, what is to become of them? They must grow up with the children of their fathers by their slave women, and see their brothers and sisters sold and used as beasts, or, as is often done, take their sisters, the daughters of their fathers, to become their mistresses and concubines. All over the South, fathers and brothers are this moment living with their daughters and sisters as wives. There is not a plantation, probably, in South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi and Arkansas, where this is not habitually done, and the incest is sanctioned by law and religion, by Church and State. No wonder slaveholders are unwilling to have their civil or ecclesiastical courts inquire into the *paternity* of their slaves. No wonder slaves are punished with stripes and death for asking, 'Who is my father?'

How long will Northern husbands and wives, fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, hold on to a social condition so utterly corrupt?—a society where woman is thus subjected to man? Husbands and wives, fathers and mothers, sons and daughters of the North, how long will you continue to be the door-keepers of this national brothel, the watch-dogs of this national harem?

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

☞ PETITIONS! PETITIONS! -All who have received, or who may receive, copies of the Petition to the next Legislature, asking that the soil of Massachusetts may be made free, and that kidnapping shall be for ever prohibited thereon, are urgently requested to give immediate attention to the circulation of the same in their respective towns, and to so organize the movement, that every man and every woman throughout each town of this Commonwealth shall have an opportunity to sign the same.—N.

From the Chicago Democrat, July 31.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE--SLAVERY AND FREEDOM.

Something like six weeks since, there arrived in this city a young man named George T. Eve, who brought with him as his reputed wife a beautiful mulatto woman, and three children, of whom we believe he claims the paternity. The woman is nearly white, and the children so white they would not be thought otherwise by any one not conversant with their origin.

Their previous history partakes strongly of the romantic. They were, it seems, formerly residents of Rome, Randolph county, Georgia, and she a slave when he first became acquainted with her. A short acquaintance ripened into what they called love, but his relatives termed it infatuation. For a long time, every effort was made by his friends to overcome his affection for her, but in vain, and at last all but his father consented to their marriage. He accordingly bought her, at the extraordinary price of $7000, married her, and they came North together.

Upon his arrival here, he commenced the practice of medicine, his office and dwelling-rooms being at the same place, No. 124 South Clark street. Though young and unknown, yet he might ultimately have succeeded, more especially as he had some $25,000 or $30,000 worth of property in his own right, left him by his grand-parents, upon which he might have lived, with economy, until he could build himself up a reputation.

But on Wednesday last, he received a line through the post-office, stating that if he would call at room No. 62, Tremont House, he would there find an old acquaintance. He went, and, to his infinite surprise, stood face to face with his own father. A long conversation ensued, and finally he was told that he must remain with him. Not knowing his own rights, and that his father had no more control over his actions than a perfect stranger, he sobbingly consented. A couple of men, who either were, or represented themselves to be, officers, were accordingly called, he was placed in a back with them, and they drove to his residence.

Upon their arrival, one of them asked him for the keys of his trunk, which were unresistingly given up. The officer then opened the trunk, took out all the money he had (some $600 in gold, which remained of about $1000 with which he left the South,) packed up a few of his clothes, and ere his friends in the city knew aught of the affair, the entire party were on their way Southward, leaving his wife penniless, a stranger among strangers, with a helpless family on her hands. We learn from her that his father, Dr. Paul Eve, is a Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in some college in Nashville, Tenn., and that he has probably taken him thither.

From the New Bedford Mercury, Aug. 26.

MR. EDITOR:

SIR,—Through the columns of the *Mercury*, I desire to make a brief statement in reply to certain articles which have been recently published in the newspapers concerning me.

On Monday, the 26th ult., my father, Dr. Paul Fitzimons Eve, of Nashville, Tenn, accompanied by one of his friends from the same place, arrived in Chicago, where, as a man of proper age, as an unoffending citizen, and as an unobtrusive physician, I was quietly earning an honest livelihood. As I have since learned, the sole object of their visit was to find me, (I having been there but a month or so,) and force me to do my father's bidding. Two days after their arrival, I received a line through the post-office, stating that if I would call at room No. 62, Tremont House, I would find a friend, and upon going there, was greatly surprised to meet my unexpected father, who peremptorily ordered me to return with him to Tennessee. I objected; he said he had orders from the Governor of Georgia (my native State) to take me, and that it was entirely useless for me to parley or demur. I was then ordered to accompany to my house two men, who represented themselves as detective policemen, and on arriving there, they demanded the key of my trunk, from which they took two hundred dollars in gold.

I was next ordered to lay hold of my trunk, and did so. Unwilling to leave so abruptly, I expressed my desire to speak to Julia, the slightly colored lady who was keeping house for me, but the men, (hirelings,) under instructions from my father, hurried me off; and so, under the arbitrary control of my father, I have been spirited away to this city, where, under all the circumstances—of a nature too complicated and delicate to explain here—I confess myself, for the time being, in rather an unpleasant predicament. But 'all's well that ends well.' I have found friends here who will not see me imposed upon, and if I succeed in recovering money now due me in the hands of a citizen of New Bedford, whom my father put under pledge to send me off on a whaling voyage, the probability is that I will return to Chicago within a few days.

I bought Julia and her three children in Floyd co., Georgia, for seven thousand dollars ($7000), and took them with me to Chicago. According to Southern law, they were my property, and I contend that it belonged to no one to deny my right to confer on them the boon of freedom—having paid for them out of my own legitimate means. On the 17th inst., before Judge Pitman, of this city, and Mr. Hinton R. Helper, of North Carolina, I executed a paper manumitting the four slaves, and that paper is either now on its way to, or has been already received at, Chicago. My father paid the two men, who represented themselves as detective policemen, forty dollars for their services. Father is much mistaken when he says Julia is greatly my senior in age, and that she enticed me away from home. There is probably not more than six months difference between her age and my own.

Julia was not desirous of going to Chicago; she accompanied me there in accordance with my special advice and request. I have never been married to her. It was not of my own accord that she was left penniless in Chicago. Had I not been forced away, my money and myself would have been at her service.

My father, through the medium of a New York paper, intimated that I have gone, or am going, to sea. His erring or unerring son, as the case may be, begs leave to say, that, having arrived at the age of manhood, three-and-twenty summers having passed over his head, he has not the remotest idea of going on a whaling voyage, and *won't go!* My grandfather left my sister and myself a patrimony of thirty thousand dollars ($30,000), which has been equally divided between us.

Hoping not to be under the necessity of again bringing my name and affairs before the public, I am,

Yours, respectfully,
GEO. T. EVE.

New Bedford, Aug. 24, 1858.

From the Bowling Green (Va.) Gazette.

ATTEMPT TO ABDUCT THREE SLAVES.

On Monday last, our usually quiet community was thrown into the most intense excitement by the confirmation of a report which had been previously circulated, without obtaining much credence, that a white man named George Howard, alias Jack Harrison, had abducted from their masters three slaves: a negro man named Albert, belonging to Mr. P. N. Loving, and two girls, named Betty and Ellen, the property of Mr. R. W. Ogden. The general accredited particulars and facts, ascertained from reliable sources, are as follows:—

On last Saturday, the white man—who has been here but a few weeks—and Albert were seen to deposit in a skiff, which had been built by them, and was at the time lying in the river near Mr. Robert Strange's, a large tool chest, a seine, and other articles, preparatory to leaving. The boat being thus prepared and furnished with such articles as were necessary to the prosecution of a river voyage, the three negroes and Harrison entered and embarked from near the bridge for Canada, as one of the negroes was heard to say when arrested. The stream being a very circuitous and crooked one, and Harrison getting drunk and turning back about six miles, they were enabled to make but little progress toward their destination, until they were brought to a halt, a few miles this side of Brown's Lock, on Monday morning, about ten o'clock, by Messrs. Elihu Jenkins and Wash. Steward, who passed and met them going down the river.

Passing them, in order the better to secure their object, they turned, and ordered the fugitives to give themselves up, when the skiff containing them was rowed toward shore. Messrs. Jenkins and Steward followed suit, and by dint of hard licks, well put in, gained the shore a little in advance of the skiff of Harrison and the negroes, and just in time to reach the point to which they were aiming as they landed. At this juncture, Albert raised a double-barreled gun, which was in their skiff, but before he could execute his design, Steward seized him by the collar and proceeded to tie him.

Meantime, the white man left the skiff, in which the two negro women—who had before been concealed under blankets—still remained, and advanced toward Mr. Steward with a drawn bowie-knife, but was repulsed by Mr. Jenkins, who presented a cocked gun, and told him if he did not desist he would shoot him, when Harrison went back to the skiff, and immediately rowed out into the river, despite the orders of Messrs. Jenkins and Steward to surrender or be shot. As soon as the bow of the boat was turned up the river and a flank shot could be had, so as not to endanger the lives of the girls, who had not yet gone ashore, Mr. Steward shot at Harrison five times, first discharging singly the contents of both barrels of a shot gun, and then three shots from a colt's repeater, all of which failed to take effect. Harrison then gained the opposite shore, and made his escape from his pursuers. The two negro girls thus left in charge of the skiff were without trouble arrested, and, together with Albert, were brought to town and lodged in jail on Monday evening.

Meantime, a company of ten or twelve men was formed here, who armed themselves, and proceeded on horseback in search of Harrison. The number was considerably increased when they arrived on the ground by persons living along the river and in the neighborhood of Mr. James Ford's, into whose bottom field he had made his escape. Diligent search was instituted for him until dark, when the party abandoned the project for the night and returned home, reaching town about 9 o'clock.

Yesterday, while an effort was being made to get a large sum subscribed to offer as a reward for his apprehension, the welcome news was brought to town that three young men, Mr. James Heard and the Messrs. Cherry, had captured Harrison on Monday night about 12 o'clock, near Mr. Stevens's, on his way to this place. Never in our life have we heard of such a state of feeling in this community as then prevailed among our citizens. Many were at the highest pitch of excitement, and all manifested a feverish anxiety to see the 'villain,' 'fiend,' 'highwayman,' &c. Some advised the summary administration of justice by lynching the fellow; others, with more propriety and love of order, counselled coolness and deliberation, and a fair and equitable administration of the laws of the State, at the proper time, and by the legally constituted authorities.

Harrison soon arrived, and was, with considerably more order and quiet than might have been expected, conducted into the Court-House, where Messrs. Jno. Burnham, J. C. Wilkins, P. Hines and Jno. H. Graham entreated the immense and excited crowd to be guilty of no act of violence, but permit the offender to have a fair trial by due course of law. It was evident from the loud and prolonged cheers with which the law and order remarks of those gentlemen were greeted, that there was not the most remote danger of our heretofore law-abiding and peace-loving community being the scene of a disgraceful and lawless mob. There were probably eight or ten persons who advocated the summary punishment of the culprit; but we are satisfied their sober second thought will endorse the course pursued as the only one consistent with law and good order, and the reputation of the county and town, and, indeed, the only one at all consistent with the ends of justice.

After warrants were duly issued, the prisoner was adjudged guilty of five charges made against him—three of abducting slaves, one of having in his possession counterfeiting tools, dies, &c., and another of felony—and held to bail in the sum of $10,000—$2,000 for each—in default of which he was committed to jail, to await his final trial at the next term of the Criminal Court, in February next.

A WHITE WOMAN SET FREE.

One of the most remarkable and intensely interesting cases ever brought before a court of justice was tried and disposed of in our Circuit Court last week. The plaintiff, Ann Goddard, was a handsome young white woman, about twenty-one years of age, perfectly white, with long, luxuriant and straight hair, graceful and easy in manners, and having all the appearance of an accomplished and well-raised lady. Her features bore the highest marks of European perfection, and there was not the slightest indication of African blood in her veins. She brought suit here for her freedom, alleging that she had been forcibly arrested by the officers and lodged in the negro jail of the late James McMillan, under the claim of the defendant, Mary Goddard, that she was a slave, 'when in truth she was a free white woman.'

The suit was brought nearly two years ago by Hon. R. H. Stanton, and prosecuted by him, with the assistance of Hon. W. H. Wadsworth and Judge J. D. Taylor, and defended by Hon. H. Taylor and T. C. Campbell, Esq. When the jury were sworn, the only testimony relied on by the plaintiff was the exhibition of her own person for their inspection, her counsel claiming that her appearance was *prima facie* evidence of her freedom, and the presumption thus being raised, of course the burden of proof rested upon the defendant to prove her a slave. An attempt was then made by the defendant to prove her the daughter of a mulatto named Matilda, by whom the plaintiff had been reared from infancy, but in this they did not succeed, as no witness was introduced who was present at the birth of the child.

The case was ably argued on both sides, and much feeling was manifested in the community on behalf of the plaintiff. When the jury brought in their verdict, to the effect that she was a 'free white woman,' the Judge was compelled to address the audience upon the impropriety of any demonstration of applause in a court of justice, in order to keep down a universal impulse to show the satisfaction given by the result.—*Maysville (Ky.) Eagle.*

ARREST OF FUGITIVES.

A couple of runaway slaves, owned by Robert W. Ingraham, of Mason county, Ky., were captured in this city on Thursday evening, and sent across the river before they had half a chance to raise an objection. It seems that the 'boys,' who are fine, muscular fellows, of the deepest ebony color, and valued at $3000 upon other soil than that of Ohio, escaped from slavery some time last March, and immediately made their way to Canada, where they have since resided. Not content with securing their own freedom, however, they made arrangements in Mason county to run off some eight or ten others. With this view, they were in active correspondence with friends.

Unfortunately for them, one of their letters, detailing the conclusion of their plans, and naming the day they would arrive in this city, was intercepted, or fell into the hands of some person who gave information to Mr. Ingraham, who made arrangements to capture his runaway chattels. With this view, he came to this city, and procured a warrant from United States Commissioner Newhall, which he placed in the hands of Deputy Marshal B. P. Churchill, who called to his assistance Deputy Marshal Manson, officer Harvey and John Jeffreys. For a day or two, the party watched the Hamilton and Dayton depot, but the negroes happened to come by the Little Miami, so that their arrival was not known until they had been in town for a day.

The officers ascertained Thursday afternoon that the 'boys' were to take the train that evening for New Richmond, thence to Ripley, for the purpose of crossing into Mason county. An arrangement was then made with a city hackman to drive to the depot, and when the pair of runaways came within hailing distance, he was to cry out, 'Here's a hack for New Richmond.' The arrangement was successful, and the negroes fell into the trap. The officers followed in another carriage through several streets, until they arrived at the corner of Pike and Congress streets, when, at a preconcerted signal, the driver of the hack with the negroes stopped, and the officers threw open the doors and jumped in, and before the slaves had time to remonstrate, or to use the weapons with which they were armed, they were securely manacled with Government 'wristlets.'

The party then drove to the United States Marshal's office, in the Custom House building, and Commissioner Newhall was summoned between nine and ten o'clock at night. He objected to going into an examination at so late an hour, but the owner, Mr. Ingraham, insisted upon his rights under the Fugitive Slave Law, and the Commissioner gave them a hearing. Mr. I. testified that the negroes were his slaves, owing him service and labor, and was corroborated by Mr. Tabb and Mr. White, who had accompanied him from Mason county.

Mr. Newhall at once remanded them to the custody of Mr. Ingraham, and about 12 o'clock at night, they were hurried into a carriage and driven rapidly to the Covington ferry, and across the river to Kentucky, where they were lodged in the Covington jail, preparatory to taking the cars for their former residence yesterday morning.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

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Give them to some patient who has been prostrated with bilious complaint: see his bent-up, tottering form straighten with strength again; see his long-lost appetite return; see his clammy features blossom into health. Give them to some sufferer whose foul blood has burst out in scrofula till his skin is covered with sores; who stands, or sits, or lies in anguish. He has been drenched inside and out with every potion which ingenuity could suggest. Give him these PILLS, and mark the effect; see the scabs fall from his body; see the new, fair skin that has grown under them; see the late leper that is clean. Give them to him whose angry humors have planted rheumatism in his joints and bones; move him, and he screeches with pain; he too has been soaked through every muscle of his body with liniments and salves; give him these PILLS to purify his blood; they may not cure him, for, alas! there are cases which no mortal power can reach; but mark, he walks with crutches now, and now he walks alone; they have cured him. Give them to the lean, sour, haggard dyspeptic, whose gnawing stomach has long ago eaten every smile from his face and every muscle from his body. See his appetite return, and with it his health; see the new man. See her that was radiant with health and loveliness blasted and too early withering away; want of exercise or mental anguish, or some lurking disease, has deranged the internal organs of digestion, assimilation or secretion, till they do their office ill. Her blood is vitiated, her health is gone. Give her these PILLS to stimulate the vital principle into renewed vigor, to cast out the obstructions, and infuse a new vitality into the blood. Now look again—the roses blossom on her cheek, and where lately sorrow sat joy bursts from every feature. See the sweet infant wasted with worms. Its wan, sickly features tell you without disguise, and painfully distinct, that they are eating its life away. Its pinched-up nose and ears, and restless sleepings, tell the dreadful truth in language which every mother knows. Give it the PILLS in large doses to sweep these vile parasites from the body. Now turn again and see the ruddy bloom of childhood. Is it nothing to do these things? Nay, are they not the marvel of this age? And yet they are done around you every day.

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